Niccolo Machiavelli
How to Run a Filthy Campaign

John Nollson
Russians in Vermont

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 13 MARCH 1980 NO. 3

Joseph Shattan: Nukes and the Great Awakening

Karl O'Lessker: Le Carré's People

Kenneth L. Adelman: The Afghan Eye-Opener

Aram Bakshian, Jr.: Connallyism

$1.00
FOR ONE COPY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

$12.00
BY THE YEAR

03
74470 65520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• January 12 to February 8, and the Kennedy campaign proceeds like a beautiful comet flaring across the northern skies, successively losing magnitude and even plausibility. To revive his fortunes, on January 28 Senator Kennedy delivered a major policy speech, the contents of which suggested that the Senator is now pitching his woo toward surviving members of the Wobblies. With the Wonderboy pulling away and the Mullah Brown catching up, sniggers are beginning to sound, and the faithful are beginning to wonder if there might not have been some mistake on the Senator's birth certificate.

• The Justice Department found itself in very hot water with the 96th Congress when it was revealed that the FBI had uncovered a plethora of venality flowing between eight or so distinguished solons and an FBI front, Abdul Enterprises, Limited, an Arab firm whose lawyer, so thought the pols, was a man named Weintraub. Moreover, the American-Arab Relations Committee also took umbrage and demanded in a formal statement that the FBI apologize to Arabs worldwide for fashioning a trap perpetuating a "prejudicial view of Arabs." Soon, Attorney General Benjamin R. Civiletti was feverishly testifying before congressional committees and reassuring Capitol Hill's nervous inhabitants that only eight of their fellows had been nabbed this time. Nonetheless, relations with the Arabs remained arctic, for their grumpy missive had never explained whether they were offended because the FBI ploy presented Arabs as the bestowers of bribes or the associates of congressmen. At any rate, this is Congress's second major scandal since Watergate. Nearly 100 congressmen have now slipped under the *particeps criminis* pale since 1970. All of which suggests that during Watergate Richard Nixon may well have blundered and unnecessarily alienated Congress when he asserted, "I am not a crook."

• In another inspired move, the Wonderboy sent Mr. Muhammad Ali, Esq., as a presidential envoy to the heads of five African countries to elucidate the mysteries of the Wonderboy's foreign policy. Unfortunately, the former pugilist and poet was set upon at the beautiful Dar es Salaam aerodrome by a mob of Tanzanian Dan Rathers. Soon word reached the White House that its 250-pound diplomatist had run amok somewhere in Africa and there was nothing the foreign service could do about it. Not only that, but he had called Mr. Leonid I. Brezhnev, Hero of Socialist Labor, one of "the two baddest white men in the world." Who would explain the thing to the Soviet leader? Fortunately, the Wonderboy has had more experience with such lunatic interludes than any other American President, and so the boys at the White House continued to whistle their merry tune. On February 5, Mr. Hodding Carter stated that "the impact he's having is tremendous." That was the day Ambassador Ali strutted about with the Kenyan presidential baton, which he had snatched from an agape President Daniel Arap Moi.

• Is a pattern emerging here? Miss Midge Costanza? Dr. Peter Bourne? The Hon. Andrew Young? Ambassador Ali? A supporting cast of thousands? As a careful student of the Carterian mountebankery, I strongly suspect that all of the above will be cited by our President as proof that, in these trying times, no other presidential candidate has had more experience in dealing successfully with idiocy.

• Advocates of the nation's prisoners-rights movement were dealt a serious setback when inmates at the New Mexico State Penitentiary freed themselves and duly began butchering each other into rudely-cut bacon, despite alternative prospects offered by the presence of 15 hostage-guards. In Hudiksvall, Sweden, a 31-year-old man has been arrested on suspicion of robbing his three-year-old son's piggy bank. Pronouncing adoption "more permanent than marriage," a 21-year-old Milwaukee man won a petition allowing him to adopt his 23-year-old homosexual lover. On January 16 a hearing into the competence of former congressman Daniel Flood attracted anxious attention from erstwhile colleagues. The 16-term congressman is accused of having accepted more than $50,000 in bribes; and his lawyers, using a defense tactic that could benefit scores of his old associates, are attempting to spring him on grounds of mental incompetence. How can they fail?

• In Moscow, Papa Brezhnev's memoirs are still very much on the minds of members of the intelligentsia. Already the winner of the Lenin Prize and widely accepted as a classic of modern Soviet literature, the memoirs have now been made into an oratorio that has become the musical season's rage. Acclaimed by Soviet critics for its "sincere pathos," the oratorio begins with young Leonid's log-cabin incubation and culminates in a grandiose portrayal of the dauntless patriot suavely opening the steppeland of Central Asia to agriculture. In other cultural notes, officials at the Berlin Zoo confected a laxative of linseed soup to purge a prized rhinoceros that had inadvertently gulped down a key ring during brunch. Finally, the Rutland, Vermont, *Herald* reports that Mr. Lloyd E. Welch, 19, was given a one-year suspended sentence upon pleading *nolo contendere* to charges that, at 4 a.m. on October 20, he masturbated nude in front of the Sticky Fingers Bakery and in full view of Miss Karen Babcock, baker.

• A foreign service officer, writing in the *Foreign Service Journal,* reports that the Wonderboy's Ambassador to Singapore arrived at his post unaware that there are two Koreas ("Did you say there are two separate Korean Governments? How come?") and that India and Pakistan are not palsy-walsy ("You mean there has been a war between India and Pakistan? What was that all about?"). What is more, our President's appointee could not recollect having heard of Helmut Schmidt, James Callaghan, and Valery Giscard d'Estaing. Why not the best indeed!

• Soviet scientists have announced that they will soon bring into the world the first mammoth to tread the planet in ten thousand years. Using authentic mammoth cells discovered in Siberian tundra, the scientists plan to impregnate a female elephant that will then give birth to a mammoth, which, the scientists insist, will be used purely for peaceful purposes. In a striking show of political integrity, the American Nazi Party has aided Chicago police in indicting the Party's former Führer for sexually abusing little boys. In Teheran, the Islamic government has established a center for the abolition of sin, and in New York City, Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair of the American Atheists is countering the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church's "Dial-a-Prayer" by setting up a "Dial-an-Atheist" telephone service, (212) 726-3647 for the faithful. And in Minneapolis, evangelist Billy Graham was slightly injured when he fell in the bathtub, possibly while attempting to replicate a famous Biblical feat.

• In Lyndon, Kansas, Mrs. Deborah Davis was arraigned for shooting her husband James, described as "kind of a counter culture type" who once told his lawyer of "contacts with little men in spaceships." Apparently Mrs. Davis had come to disrelish strongly Mr. Davis' trysts with her in a torture chamber maintained just beneath their residence, and she shot him as he slept in the couple's waterbed. A love-starved rapist was arrested at an East St. Louis, Illinois, hospital where he was having his tongue sutured. According to police, he lost a portion of it while attempting to rape a feisty 74-year-old woman. The woman duly turned the piece of tongue over to police, the police went to the hospital, and the puzzle was solved! And in Detroit, Mr. Marvin Travis, whose mother's body lay for over a year in her upstairs bedroom, told police that he was unaware she had succumbed because his deceased father had always instructed him to respect her privacy.

• The owners of Studio 54 began serving prison terms for tax evasion. Mr. Hank Aaron showed the charm of a real professional by insisting that he and not Mr. Pete Rose deserved to be honored as "The Player of the Decade." Mr. Aaron finished third behind Mr. Rod Carew. "I don't want to get into a racial thing," Mr. Aaron said, "but I was never the ideal person for the New York press"—and we all know of that institution's apartheid tendencies.

• Finally, Mr. George Meany died. Say what you will, but I shall miss the great plumber.

—RET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor-in-Chief
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher
Baron Von Kannon
of the Saturday Evening Club
General Manager
Ronald E. Burr
Managing Editor
Erich Eichman
Business Manager
William B. Head
Production Manager
K.J. Gooderham
Executive Secretary
Deborah S. Grubb
Circulation Manager
Susan F. Leiby
Research Director
Paul H. Vivian
Senior Editors
A. Lawrence Chickering,
Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker
Art Advisor
Sheila Wolfe
New York Editor
Whit Stillman
Americana Editor
Joseph P. Duggan
Associates
Robert Asahina, Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr.,
John R. Coyne, Jr., Stephen Miller,
Alan Reynolds
Contributors
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Christopher C. DeMuth,
Terry Eastland, Jerry Gerde, K.E. Grubbs, Jr.,
Neil Howe, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol,
Leslie Lenkowsky, A. James McAdams III,
Robert McTiernan, Judy Mathews,
William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke,
Marc. F. Plattner, Ann Pullin,
Peter J. Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $12, outside the United States $14. Foreign air mail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402, (812) 334-2715; New York office, (212) 724-3799. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Syndication rights to material in *The American Spectator* are controlled by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. For permission to republish articles, contact Doris Richetti at the Los Angeles Times Syndicate, 218 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, CA 90012; (800) 421-8603.

Microfilm editions of *The American Spectator* are available from Xerox University Microfilms, 200 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106. ISSN 0148-8414.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1980.
Volume 13, Number 3, March 1980.

C O N T E N T S

The No-Nuke Wind Ensemble ..... Joseph Shattan 7
The New Left is back together again, this time fighting nuclear power. But the binding energy hasn't changed: It's still anti-Americanism.

Jimmy's Geography Lesson ..... Kenneth L. Adelman 12
For the Soviets, there were lots of good reasons to invade Afghanistan, not least of which was that no one was going to stop them.

The Imperial Candidacy ..... Aram Bakshian, Jr. 14
John Connally understands power, but who will trust him with it?

Le Carré's People ..... Karl O'Lessker 17
With Smiley's People, *John le Carré brings his brilliant spy trilogy to an end, along with any doubts about his being a serious novelist.*

How to Run a Filthy Campaign ..... Niccolo Machiavelli 19
Lorenzo the Magnificent had much to learn.

The Talk of the Town ..... John Nollson 22

Presswatch ..... Michael Ledeen 23
On Afghanistan, the American press performed with its usual superficiality and love of "lesson" at the expense of information.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis 2

Editorial / Ladies and Gentlemen, My Candidate ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 4

Special Editorial / Defend America Now ..... The Editors 5

Capitol Ideas / Counter-Intelligence at the *Times* ..... Tom Bethell 6

Correspondence 37

Current Wisdom ..... Assorted Jackasses 38

BOOK REVIEWS

Russia and the United States, by Nikolai V. Sivachev & Nikolai N. Yakovlev and *Russia's Road to the Cold War: Diplomacy, Warfare, and the Politics of Communism, 1941-1945*, by Vojtech Mastny ..... John Lewis Gaddis 26

Familiar Territory: Observations on American Life, by Joseph Epstein ..... Stephen Miller 30

Who Gets Ahead?: The Determinates of Economic Success in America, by Christopher Jencks, et al. ..... Mark T. Lilla 31

With No Apologies: The Personal and Political Memoirs of United States Senator Barry M. Goldwater, by Barry M. Goldwater ..... William A. Rusher 32

The Alcoholic Republic: An American Tradition, by W.J. Rorabaugh ..... George Ertel 34

Giving Good Weight, by John McPhee ..... Joshua Gilder 35

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MY CANDIDATE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

It is not always the gaudy show under the klieg lights that directs the destiny of a nation. Thucydides, Tacitus, Henry Steele Commager—all the greats of the historical sciences will tell you that events seen in their time as matters of small moment often change the lives of nations and civilizations. It is my view that the snickered-upon withdrawal from the Presidential race of the Hon. Larry Pressler—1962 recipient of the National 4-H Citizenship Award, Rhodes Scholar, U.S. Senator, author of press releases, and prophet of gasohol—could prove to be such an event.

The sages of the press corps laughed when Senator Pressler declared his candidacy, and they laughed again when he made his dignified retreat. Let them laugh; in some far-off time, in some quiet, book-lined *atelier,* a forlorn Gibbon will weep.

Let me assure you that the Iranians did not think Senator Pressler's candidacy very funny. "A gasohol still in every yard and farm," the prophet from Humboldt declaimed with his customary yelp, and the tumescent and pulsating Middle East shriveled to a more modest significance. Nor did the senior citizens in the Kremlin laugh when this unscotchable kid stepped forward. For that matter, Mrs. Antone Pressler was not laughing either. Mrs. Pressler is Senator Pressler's mother; and, if the *New York Times* is to be believed, Mrs. Pressler's role in past campaigns has been to write contributors "a painstakingly written long-hand thank-you note." A successful Presidential bid by her unusual son could have killed her.

How I would like to have seen Senator Pressler make it to the White House. Not that I harbor any malice for his mother, but the Presidential presence of this gigantic *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern pol would quite possibly have had a more salutary influence on the American polity than a *coup d'état* led by the ghosts of Lincoln, Madison, and Grover Cleveland.

Look around Washington. Cock your ear to the baby talk emitting from every source of eminence and power. We live under a tyranny of *Homo sapiens* who are...well, who are incomplete as specimens of mankind go. The sleazy majority of pols practicing their black arts in the Great Republic have risen to prominence by saying things that are palpably untrue. Now as time rushes along, and the American condition worsens, it is becoming increasingly apparent that most of these effortless honey-foglers simply have no idea that there exists such a thing as truth. Does reckless abandon in economic management, military preparedness, diplomacy, social welfare, and all the other realms of governance ever eventuate in Weimar and ruin? The pols apparently do not think so. Inflation, lawlessness, rising chaos—all such phenomena are, for our pols, the Mysteries of modern times. They respond to them with oratory and policy gestures that amount to little more than ceremony.

So irresponsible and extravagant has been the dance of American policy in recent years that today the Great Republic is viewed with amazement and alarm by its friends. Its enemies merely play with it, and its enemies are not thought of as playful fellows. The Rt. Rev. Khomeini and his galoots exploit our weird hysteria over race, creed, and sex, treating women and black hostages as fellow Third World heroes while treating men hostages as criminals. One wonders, had there been homosexual activists working in the American Embassy, would the Holy Man's agents have freed them too?

Papa Brezhnev, his armies swarming all over Afghanistan's bourgeois hordes, puckishly declares that the world sees the United States "as an absolutely unreliable partner in interstate ties, as a state whose leadership, prompted by some whim, caprice, or emotional outburst...is capable at any moment of cancelling treaties and agreements signed by it." There is a neoconservative salvo against latter-day McGovernism for you. But that it came from Papa Brezhnev, in pursuit of whose favor so many of those obligations and treaties were violated, is a cruel twist.

Washington's sages now tell us that the Wonderboy will be invincible in 1980. He has botched so many things that the American people in their fathomless generosity will reelect him out of sympathy for his suffering. The analysis is unusual, but I am in no position to doubt.

Yet if Americans are about to elect a man President because he is pathetic, I say the time is ripe for Senator Pressler to throw his hat back into the ring. And just to insure that his campaign is more pathetic than that of our President I suggest he choose the Hon. Howard Baker as running mate. If a Pressler-Baker ticket is not pathetic enough, how about declaring the Hon. George Hansen as Secretary of State? How about throwing in the Hon. Charles C. Diggs, Jr., as Attorney General?

The possibilities are endless. President Pressler could choose a dozen cabinets and enough Supreme Court candidates for a century just by picking his Capitol Hill colleagues. For, truth to tell, Senator Pressler is not all that different from many of the other Solons and Numas who have contrived to govern us. □

Adapted from RET's Monday Column in the Washington Post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEFEND AMERICA NOW

by The Editors

SPECIAL EDITORIAL

No one today outside the Kremlin —and possibly not there either— knows where Soviet forces will strike next. An attack on Pakistan, in alleged support of an oppressed separatist minority, is one possibility. Intervention in Yugoslavia, by invitation of pro-Moscow elements in the aftermath of President Tito's death, is another. Most menacing of all, an invasion of Iran upon the slightest hint of U.S. military action against the crumbling, lunatic regime of Ayatollah Khomeini is a virtual certainty. And let us not forget that Soviet troops are within striking range of the Iranian oil fields.

Any one of these Soviet moves would constitute a devastating blow to Western security interests, leaving us no reasonable option but to go to war. And that is precisely what we are presently incapable of doing with any hope of success, including an all-out nuclear exchange, which would be a far greater catastrophe to the United States than to the Soviet Union, given the USSR's much wider dispersion of population and production facilities and its incomparable civil defense system.

The fact of the matter is that two decades of progressively lower military expenditures by this country in the interest of a "reordering of priorities" has left us with a defense establishment unable to defend our vital security anywhere outside the Western hemisphere. Add to this a demonstration (in Moscow's eyes) of pusillanimity on the part of our present leaders unmatched by anything since Munich, and it must be clear to the Russians that the time to throw down the gauntlet is *now*, before an alarmed West can bring its heavy economic superiority to bear in a redressing of the military balance.

It is clear that Moscow is positioning itself, militarily and politically, to do just that.

Can anything be done to prevent it? As a practical matter, once the gauntlet is thrown we are lost. We cannot win a war any time this year against the Soviet Union. We must either bow politically or go down in ruins militarily. That is the legacy of two decades of—for all practical purposes—unilateral disarmament.

Our only hope today lies in deterrence. Not in the fatuous academics' doctrine of nuclear deterrence that Robert McNamara bequeathed to us, but in a demonstration of renewed will so immediate, so unambiguous, and so massive as to persuade Soviet leaders that the cost to them of military victory would be higher than they care to pay.

For it is reasonable to assume that the Russians are almost as eager to avoid all-out nuclear war as are we. Though they would undoubtedly sustain a lower level of destruction in such a war, that is still only a comparative measure; the lowest conceivable amount of damage they would surely suffer would set their society back by decades.

What then motivates them to offer us the sort of challenge that might impel us to resort to nuclear war? It is their present confidence that the United States would not risk annihilation for the sake of Pakistan or Yugoslavia or Iran—or, for that matter, Western Europe. And that confidence could be shaken if, and only if, the United States moves at once to a program of rearmament unprecedented in our post-Korean history.

First, we must reinstitute the draft —and this time on a no-exemption basis. Only the severely handicapped among our young men should be excused from military training. The scandal of college deferments must never be repeated in a democratic society.

Second, the President must demand of Congress a supplemental appropriation to the FY 1980 budget large enough to allow us to procure all the matériel that can be produced and all the personnel that can be trained on a crash basis. The services today are desperately undersupplied in virtually every category of their weapons inventory, from tanks and naval vessels down to artillery and rifle ammunition. According to one authoritative report, U.S. forces in Europe have only enough ammunition for 36 hours of combat. If that is true it must rank as the worst scandal in American military history. To properly equip our forces, we should increase our defense spending to 6 percent of the GNP (we now spend under 5 percent, while the Soviets spend over 12), which would provide approximately 22 billion dollars more for defense in FY 1981 than the amount proposed in the President's new budget.

Third, the administration must restore and accelerate development of new strategic weapons systems—the B-1 bomber, the neutron bomb, air- and sea-launched cruise missiles, and the MX intercontinental missile.

Fourth, the bill for this massive rearmament program must be paid through new taxes, not deficit financing. An income tax surcharge of, say, 10 percent would yield something on the order of 16 billion dollars in the remaining eight months of this fiscal year. A demonstration of willingness on the part of the American people to pay the price of national security will impress Soviet analysts as nothing else can that this is truly a national determination.

Fifth, the President must clean house in his own administration. Not only every one of the swarm of McGovernites who currently infest the State and Defense Departments and National Security Council must be dismissed, but also such top policy makers as State's chief Soviet "expert," Marshall Shulman, still mouthing the witless Henry Wallace platitudes of 1948, and Secretary Vance as well, who, for all his basic decency and patriotism, has never understood the implacable nature of our Russian adversaries.

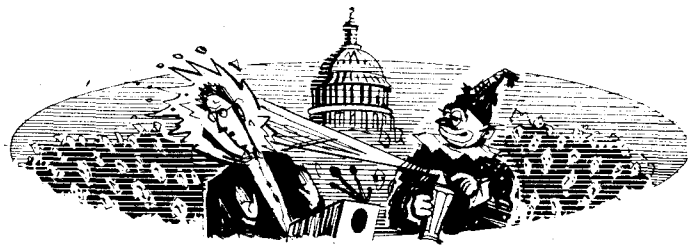
Sixth, the ABM treaty must be abrogated. As matters now stand, we will have to wait until 1989 for the security then promised by Carter's Rube Goldberg-basing of the MX missile. ABMs promise cheaper and earlier security.

Once these steps are taken President Carter should declare—and will have a chance to be believed—not only that we are committed to the defense of areas vital to our security but that we will not accept a defeat by conventional arms. For it is only when the Soviet leadership comes

(*continued on page 34*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPITOL IDEAS



COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AT THE *TIMES*

by Tom Bethell

I was glad to see that the Center for Ethics and Public Policy in Washington has published its study of foreign intelligence, *The CIA and the American Ethic,* by Ernest Lefever and Roy Godson. I mention this not because I was briefly involved with the project (the Center in the end decided, no doubt wisely, not to use my somewhat subjective and nonacademic contribution), but because in these times of renewed cold war, the role of the CIA is worth talking about.

My assignment was to examine media coverage of the agency by the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* and the television networks, which was actually relatively simple until about 1971. Thereafter a rather large army of researchers would have been needed to scrutinize, for bias, the square miles of newsprint dedicated to CIA activities, most of them of a seemingly reprehensible nature. In 1975 in particular the *Times* wrote about almost nothing else for weeks on end.

I had hardly bothered to read these stories, beyond glancing at their headlines, when they first came out. It must have been clear to even the drowsiest of readers in the mid-1970s that the then relentless attack on the CIA told us less about the Agency than about the leadership class that had got us into a war, lost it, and then turned on itself in self-disgust.

Some of these newspaper stories may well have been written by bright, eager young journalists who actually believed that by denigrating the CIA they were building a more glorious future for America by improving its moral standing in the world—the Third World in particular. (I have yet to discover where that benighted place is.) Others were possibly written by journalists with less admirable motives, or so I concluded after winding my way through miles of microfilm.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington columnist and Washington editor of* Harper's.

Particularly unappetizing—a journalistic nadir of sorts—was a series in the *New York Times* by John Crewdson in late 1977. Following the lead of Carl Bernstein in *Rolling Stone,* he set out to hunt down various individuals (whose existence, but not identity, had earlier been disclosed by CIA Director William Colby) who had over the years maintained a dual role, working for newspapers while maintaining CIA connections of an unspecified nature. Not KGB connections, mind you. The *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* and, therefore, the television networks preserved an indulgent silence about the KGB throughout the 1970s. No, let's face it, the intent was to inflict the maximum damage on one's own institutions, one's own country—all in the name of the Nobility and Integrity of the Press.

Crewdson (with additional legwork provided by Joseph Treaster) duly tracked down some of our culprits and published their names. But the names of others were not published. The following explanation for this appeared in an unsigned article in the same series. Let us record that the *New York Times* here unashamedly reassumed the mantle of the House Un-American Activities Committee of the late 1940s and early 1950s. Although "a score of these individuals [with CIA ties] have been identified in other articles in this series," the anonymous author wrote, "a dozen others" were not identified because they had "provided information on a confidential basis." In HUAC language, they had cooperated with the inquiry.

I have never met Crewdson and Treaster, and do not for a minute wish to imply that they are anything other than God-fearing, patriotic Americans who pledge allegiance to the flag every morning at the breakfast table. But it would be nice to know that, in recompense for their brief lapse into McCarthyism, they are busily at work on a series dealing with KGB activities in Washington, not excluding the possibility of KGB contacts with news media personnel in recent years. Perhaps they could enlist the covert support of the Soviet embassy in such a project.

Incidentally, it was interesting to read recently the British accounts of the unmasking of Anthony Blount as the "fourth man," assistant to Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, and Soviet spy. The words "traitor" and "treason" were unashamedly used in print, and they somehow jumped off the page when you read them.

It occurred to me that a similar exposure in the U.S. in recent years would not have elicited such harsh epithets. Of course, the "post-Watergate morality," with its "freedom of information" and climate of "openness in government," has made it unnecessary for anyone harboring anti-American or pro-Soviet sentiments to take the uncomfortable step of actually decamping to Moscow. The pages of the *New York Times* and many other newspapers were flung open, so that one was not obliged to defect in the flesh—merely in print. One could take a stand as an upholder of press freedom, a Jeffersonian, not so much a disliker of America as a lover of the First Amendment. Sometimes I think that all the ballyhoo about openness was nothing more than the groundwork for such camouflage.

But let us say someone *had* been unmasked, in Blount fashion. He would, I think, have most likely been characterized as "an American dissident," just as Philip Agee—the renegade CIA agent whose lifework it has become to publish the names of CIA agents around the world, blowing their covers and subjecting them to the reprisals of the KGB—has on occasion been characterized. To call such a person a "traitor," guilty of "treason," would have raised entirely too many questions as to the existence of an "enemy."

No such doubts arose in the early years of the CIA's existence, as my perusal of the *New York Times'* coverage of the agency disclosed. In the late 1940s and early 1950s the paper's correspondents and editorial writers described the CIA as "America's first line of defense in the Atomic Age" (1948), as a "vital security agency" (Arthur Krock, 1950) with an "enemy" (1954) and "an obvious need for secrecy regarding intelligence operations" (1955, editorial) in the "worldwide fight of democracy against Communism" (1954, editorial-page article). At that time the *Times* even wrote of America's "national destiny," a phrase that one would hardly have expected to find in the paper 20 years later—or today.

By 1972, of course, we were in the throes of losing a war and beginning to conclude that the best way out of the problem was to put up the elaborate pretense that our enemy, the Soviet Union, was really our friend after all. This was called détente. Seeing a golden opportunity to exploit the gullibility that weakness had brought in its wake, the Soviets encouraged the deception mightily.

It is worth considering the devastating effects of détente, not just on the CIA but on the nation and, perhaps history will conclude, on the world. The essential point about dé-

(*continued on page 37*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph Shattan

THE NO-NUKE WIND ENSEMBLE

The New Left is back together again, this time fighting nuclear power. But the binding energy hasn't changed: It's still anti-Americanism.

On November 2, 1979, readers of *Pravda* were treated to yet another instance of capitalist brutality. Prominently displayed on page four of that proletarian periodical was a photograph of a young woman, her body limp, being dragged across the pavement by two burly policemen of grim mien. More police hovered in the background, while behind them, blocked by barricades, protestors held a huge canvas banner aloft upon which, like some ancient escutcheon, was proudly emblazoned the name of their group: Dykes Opposed to Nuclear Technology. Explained the caption underneath: "U.S.A. A mass meeting protesting the growing arsenal of death was held in New York. Participants voiced their demand to reduce military expenditures and to give up the nuclear arms race. Photo shows police taking it out on one of the participants."

In the absence of further data, what Soviet readers made of this photo, and of the accompanying caption, must remain a matter for conjecture. Some, no doubt, leapt to the conclusion that dykes are an oppressed American nationality, distant cousins, perhaps, of Yakuts and Uzbeks. Others may have reasoned that dykes are an occupational category, like plumbers or electricians. Still others might have hazarded the guess that dykes are merely one of many obscure religious cults which dot the American landscape. Few, however, could have divined the precise connotation of that sexual sobriquet, and none could have known that, organized in such associations as Lesbians for Love, The Dyke Brigade, and DONT, dykes play a not insignificant role in the burgeoning American anti-nuclear movement.

According to anti-nuclear feminist Laurie Holmes, this is as it should be. "Nuclear power is a feminist and lesbian issue," she explained at a protest sponsored by the Clamshell Alliance in 1978. "The struggle against the rape of the earth by rich, white males is the same struggle as the struggle against the rape of our bodies and the rape of our lives." More recently, Bella Abzug has pointed to the ineluctable link between the anti-nuclear movement and the Equal Rights Amendment. "We don't want equal rights in a dead world," she told a crowd of some 70,000 gathered in Washington last May to protest nuclear power. "We want equal rights in a living world." Mrs. Abzug's remarks, it is reported, were greeted with "wild applause."

Although theoreticians of feminism have been quick to grasp the inner connection between dykes and nukes, others note a causal relationship between nuclear technology and racism. As the somewhat prolix Jim Haughton of Harlem Fightback sees it, nuclear power is simply "the logical extension in the area of technology of American racism. By supporting and maintaining the oppression of blacks and other third world people, people become dehumanized by virtue of their own racism and can't perceive their own interest." Blinded by racism and propelled by sexism, proponents of nuclear technology have brought humanity to the very brink of the abyss.

While feminist and "Third World" ideologues probe the psychological origins of the pro-nuclear impulse, anti-capitalist thinkers try to place the anti-nuclear movement in a broader political and social context. According to Michael Harrington, national chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, "the resolution of the current nuclear crisis requires a defeat of the corporate power that has dominated energy policy from the very beginning." Veteran anti-nuclear publicist Harvey Wasserman concurs. "Stopping these reactors," he notes, "means battling the most powerful corporations in the world. It means revolutionizing our industrial economy. It means transforming our autocratic energy system into a community-owned, democratically operated system."

To the demand for a community-owned and democratically operated energy system, Friends of the Earth official and "soft energy" proponent Amory Lovins couples a call for zero-growth. "It would be little short of disastrous for us to discover a source of clean, cheap, abundant energy because of what we might do with it," he admonishes. "We ought to be looking for energy sources . . . that don't give us the excesses of concentrated energy with which we could do mischief to each other." Professor Paul Ehrlich, the population control advocate, words the same thought even more strikingly: "Giving society cheap, abundant energy," he analogizes, "would be the equivalent of giving an idiot child a machine gun."

The campaign against nuclear energy, then, besides being inextricably connected to the struggle for sexual and racial liberation, is also, according to its votaries, part and parcel of the effort to reverse the maleficent momentum of industrial civilization. "We are going to rediscover smallness," predicts Ralph Nader. "If people get back to the earth, they can grow their own gardens, they can listen to the

Joseph Shattan is the Policy Director for the Coalition for a Democratic Majority in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

birds, they can feel the wind across their cheeks and they can watch the sun come up." Only the song of the lark, rising above the industrial din, can dispel the fog of false consciousness fostered by "corporate hype"; only smallness begets niceness.

But how can society cast off its corporate shackles, and how can Americans liberate themselves from their enslavement to a materialism at once insidious and insipid? "I can think of only one long-term alternative," confesses solar-energy crusader Tom Hayden, "and I still see it coming. What began in the sixties—a rising demand for a voice in the decisions controlling our lives—will spread to every sphere, particularly to the corporate world where so much life and death power is concentrated in so few hands." The demand for "participatory democracy," first broached by Hayden in 1962 when he drafted the "Port Huron Statement" for SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), remains his political cynosure to this day and has become perhaps the theme most often repeated in the anti-nuclear litany: "We the citizens of this great country can *take* the power to govern this country ourselves," claims biologist-cum-politico Barry Commoner. "That is our rightful power, our duty—let's do it!"

Clearly, the anti-nuclear struggle has united the various tribes of the Left, the feminists, pacifists, populists, socialists, zero-growthers, communards, and revolutionaries, who have all discovered that the "war against the atom" (Samuel McCracken's phrase) resonates perfectly with their other passionate obsessions. That events have taken this course seems, on the face of it, almost inevitable, hardly worth remarking. After all, is not the Left the party of Humanity? Has it not always rallied to the People's side in moments of peril? Why should it be otherwise today?

And yet—strange to report!—the Left was not always anti-nuclear. Indeed, during the fifties and early sixties it was among the staunchest *supporters* of peaceful nuclear power. Hayden's "Port Huron Statement," for example, was a veritable paean to the peaceful atom. "With nuclear energy," it declared, "whole cities can easily be powered, yet the dominant nation-states seem more likely to unleash destruction." Envisioning "the industrialization of the world," it said that "atomic power plants must spring up to make electrical energy available," and it lambasted the American political establishment for its short-sighted preoccupation with the *military* uses of atomic power.

Nor was this enthusiasm for atomic power an idiosyncracy peculiar to Hayden and his coterie. On the contrary, after World War II it pervaded the entire Left. As anti-nuclear author Sheldon Novick ruefully concedes, "The Soviet Union, the American Communist Party, and most of those on the Left publicly claimed that a military monopoly of the atom was stifling its enormous civilian potential." So intense was the American Communist Party's commitment to atomic energy, in fact, that in a frenzy of enthusiasm for the dawning atomic age it plunked a tiny atom inside the hammer-and-sickle on its logo. Even Pete Seeger took up the tune: "When nations build the Aswan dam so deserts turn to green, And atom power builds a world the likes we've never seen....Then we'll have peace."

During the mid-sixties and early seventies, the Left, preoccupied with more exigent concerns, permitted atomic energy to fend for itself. Returning to matters atomic in the mid-seventies, it discovered that nuclear plants were producing some 12.5 percent of America's electric power.

Judging by its earlier attitude, one might well have expected the Left to wax wroth. *Only* 12.5 percent? This from a technology capable of powering whole cities, of industrializing the world? But that, as we know, is not quite how the Left reacted. True, it did wax wroth, but instead of arguing, as it had in the past, that nuclear power was vastly *underutilized*, it argued that it was perilously *overutilized*. Pro-nuclear advocates like Hayden now took to the hustings to denounce nuclear power, pro-nuclear *artistes* like Seeger became fixtures at anti-nuclear rallies, and the American Communist Party quietly excised the atom from its sickle.

How to account for this strange reversal? Was it due, perhaps, to an accumulation of evidence disclosing the unacceptable health hazards associated with the operation of nuclear power plants? Not at all. In fact, all evidence indicates that the amount of radioactivity emitted by nuclear reactors is considerably smaller than the harmless doses everyone normally receives from uranium-bearing rocks on the surface of the earth or from medical x-rays. The health hazards posed by nuclear power plants are not nearly so great as, say, those posed by cigarette smokers to their neighbors.

If the Left's hostility to nuclear power does not stem from that technology's inherent risks, does it derive, then, from a sober evaluation of comparative risks, from a belated recognition that the operation of a nuclear power plant, however benign, is still more hazardous than coal- or oil-fired plants? Wrong again. Of the various health comparisons undertaken thus far, virtually all have been favorable to nuclear power. In fact, it turns out that since coal contains traces of the radioactive elements radium and thorium, a typical coal-fired plant actually releases more radioactivity than a nuclear plant does, in addition, of course, to the sulfur dioxide and other dangerous effluents normally associated with the combustion of coal and oil.

But while nuclear power as a source of energy is less hazardous than existing alternative sources, how does it compare to *new* sources of power—to solar power, for example? Here, experts differ. Optimists believe that a photovoltaic system, generating as much electricity as a typical nuclear power plant, would occupy no more than 50 square miles of land, so that powering the entire country with solar energy would require little more than the surrender of the state of Oregon. Pessimists project much larger land usages. At present, however, the dispute is somewhat moot, inasmuch as the technology in question remains prohibitively expensive. That the pro-solar Left evinces such a touching faith in the ability of modern industry to solve the problems associated with solar power, while simultaneously advocating the destruction of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern industry in the name of smallness, seems not a little paradoxical.

Although it appears most unlikely that solar power will ever replace nuclear energy, solar collectors may well supplement nuclear or coal-fired power plants in the near future. Even here, though, problems abound. Not only does affixing a solar collector to one's roof involve the risk of serious accident, but it also requires a knowledge of elementary celestial science which even reasonably well-educated people seem to lack. The following account of Tom Hayden's tribulations with a solar collector, which first appeared in the *Village Voice*, does not inspire confidence in either the technology or its boosters:

> The man who proposes to lead California into the Solar Age proudly affixed a collector to the top of his and Jane's house. The mechanism instantly broke and flooded the premises with tepid water. Unabashed by the mishap, Tom then tried to equip his Santa Barbara ranch house with another batch of collectors. But the water stayed cold. Helpers clambered up on the roof, only to discover that the collectors had been clamped on back to front. For Tom, it seems, the sun rises in the north.

The Left's current hostility to nuclear power, then, does not stem from a serious evaluation of alternative energy sources, nor does it derive from the health hazards inherent in the technology.* Rather, the hostility originates in the social dynamics of the Left itself, in its manifest need to maintain its cohesion and effectiveness in the face of adversity.

Perhaps it would help to conceive of the Left as the nucleus of a fissionable atom, an atom of uranium, let us say. When such an atom undergoes fission, its nucleus splits apart and a variety of "fission fragments" are released. Many of these particles are highly-energized, quite unstable, and subject to a process of decay—sometimes gradual, sometimes rapid—which transmutes their very essence. These entities are known as radioactive wastes.

If a uranium nucleus consists of protons and neutrons, our hypothetical Leftist nucleus consists of the numerous socialist, pacificist, and revolutionary groups which, in their collectivity, made up "the Movement" of the sixties and early seventies. If it takes a stray neutron to undo the binding energy holding the uranium nucleus together, it took the end of the Vietnam war to undo the Movement. After the war, the groups which constituted the nucleus of the Movement went their separate ways—some to communes, some to law schools, and some into "straight" electoral politics. But, even as the highly energized subatomic particles of the uranium nucleus are subject to decay, so, too, the hyperactive constitutive groups of the Movement found that, on their own, they amounted to less and less. Perhaps they came to fear that history was passing them by. Here, however, the analogy breaks down. Protons, being ignorant particles of matter, have no recourse but to suffer in silence. Human beings, not quite so ignorant, can act to change their destinies—and act they have. The newly-formed anti-nuclear movement is neither more nor less than an attempt by the protons and neutrons of the Left to resuscitate the Movement of yesteryear, with hostility to nuclear power providing the binding energy that hostility to the Vietnam war provided more than a decade ago.†

Nowhere is the transformation of the sixties' anti-war radical into the seventies' anti-nuclear radical more clearly evident than in the career of 33-year-old Samuel Holden Lovejoy. A student at Amherst College during the sixties, Lovejoy was caught up in the turmoil of those years and ended up going to Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade. Returning to the United States after his stint in the sugar-cane fields, he settled in a communal farm in Montague, Massachusetts, the former headquarters, as it happened, of the Liberation News Service, the Movement's answer to Reuters. Shoveling one form of biomass and ingesting another (it was an organic farm), the peripatetic Lovejoy could not have found rural life stimulating, yet there might he have vegetated his youth away had not Fate come to his rescue.

As it so often does, deliverance appeared in a most unlikely form—in this instance, in the guise of a 500-foot weather monitoring tower erected by Northeast Utilities Company on the very outskirts of the commune. In 1973, that utility had decided to build a nuclear power plant in Montague, of which the tower was but the first auspice. Enraged by so bold an encroachment on what he liked to regard as "liberated territory," the young Lovejoy set hoe and shovel aside and, in the early morning hours of Washington's Birthday, 1974, succeeded in toppling the $50,000

* For a detailed and lucid discussion of other putative hazards associated with nuclear fission —waste disposal, accidents, weapons proliferation—see Sam Schurr, et al., *Energy in America's Future: The Choices Before Us*, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1979.

† As an example of how effectively the Movement can act when all its components pull together, consider the mechanics of the May 6 anti-nuclear demonstration in Washington, D.C., organized on a month's notice: Office space was provided by the Public Resource Center, a spin-off from the Institute for Policy Studies; organizational expertise came from Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Groups, and from the Mobilization for Survival, of which more later; and "front money" was donated by the Stern Fund, a friend of "progressive" causes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

structure. "I just thought it was so obvious and so symbolic and just stuck there so succinctly that I just knew it would end up tipping over," he later explained.

A good morning's work behind him, Lovejoy next hitched a ride into town and surrendered himself to the local police. Duly brought to trial, the self-confessed saboteur argued that he had acted *pro bono publico*, a contention echoed by the anti-war activists who served as character witnesses for the tower's docked decker. Acquitted after a seven-day trial on a technicality—his indictment had been faultily worded—the once-obscure communard was obscure no longer. Not only had the trial been reported by the *New York Times*, but friends of Lovejoy's at Green Mountain Post Films—an establishment closely associated with the Montague Farm—had decided to make a movie of the entire episode, to be entitled, aptly enough, *Lovejoy's Nuclear War*. Thus was a star born.

His path in life now laid out before him, tirelessly did the young evangel preach the gospel of "direct action" in the hamlets and communes of New England and California. His message varied as the spirit moved him. Sometimes he would advocate no more than a sit-in at the local nuclear power plant; other times he would urge the severance of the infernal machine's transmission lines. Soon he became a living legend to thousands, a name to conjure with. "For better or worse," Lovejoy observes, "a lot of people refer to me as the Trotsky of the no-nuke movement."

If Lovejoy is the movement's Trotsky, then the quiet coastal town of Seabrook, New Hampshire, is its Petrograd. Here, in 1977, 1,414 protestors were arrested after illegally occupying the site designated by the Public Service Company of New Hampshire for its proposed power reactor. The difference between the Petrograd and Seabrook insurrections, however, merits comment: The former was undertaken in the name of the downtrodden proletariat, victims of "capitalist exploitation"; the latter was undertaken on behalf of a local clam colony, threatened by "thermal pollution." Hence the appellation chosen by the protestors—the Clamshell Alliance, popularly known as the Clam.

With the success of the Seabrook occupation—construction of the power plant was temporarily halted—other anti-nuclear alliances sprang into existence, with names like Catfish (Alabama), Oystershell (Louisiana), Prairie (Illinois), Northern Sun (Minnesota), Sunflower (Kansas), Lone Star (Texas), Cactus (Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada), Crabshell (Washington), Headwaters (Montana), Shad (New York), Paddlewheel (Kentucky), and Abalone (California). Not only have these groups modeled their "direct action" strategy on the Clam, but their ideology, such as it is, is likewise based on the Clam's "Declaration of Nuclear Resistance." This seminal document, which affirms that "the supply of energy is a natural right and should in all cases be controlled by the people," which denounces corporations and "private monopolies" for their failure to meet "the real energy needs of the people," and which demands that "not one more cent be spent on nuclear power reactors," is arguably the most significant pronouncement of the protestors to date.

As the opposition to nuclear power gained momentum, serious fissures developed in the original Clamshell Alliance, with one faction, Clams for Democracy, calling for a broadening of the group's theoretical perspective, and another, Coalition for Direct Action, arguing for more vigorous anti-nuclear measures. These disputes have rendered the future of the Alliance "probclamatic" at best. Yet even as the Clam splits apart, others rush to take its place. Jackson Browne, the Doobie Brothers, John Hall, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, Carly Simon, Chaka Khan, Bruce Springsteen, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Jesse Colin Young, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Peter Tosh, Poco, Avis Davis, and Joy Rider—these are but a few of the rock, punk rock, and disco stars who have lent their not inconsiderable talents to the anti-nuclear crusade. Organized in an association known as MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy), Inc., they stage frequent concerts, the considerable proceeds of which go to the MUSE Foundation, which, in turn, funds a variety of anti-nuclear projects.

President of MUSE, Inc., and consultant to the MUSE Foundation, is Samuel Holden Lovejoy. Having by now attained the status of an anti-nuclear Nestor, Lovejoy was among the half-dozen organizers of the May 6, 1979, No-Nuke Rally invited to the White House the next day to share their concerns with President Carter. As the president of MUSE, Inc., ticked off a list of anti-nuclear demands, the President of the United States, it is reported, took notes. For the Venceremos Brigade veteran turned organic farmer turned nuclear saboteur turned movie star turned corporation executive, it must have been a moment to savor. Yes, there is opportunity in America.

While Lovejoy's career, despite its emblematic character, is but the odyssey of a single individual, the history of the Mobilization for Survival—an "environmentalist" group which holds that "nuclear energy and nuclear weapons are merely different sides of the same coin"—illustrates the transformation of an entire section of the anti-war movement into an important component of the anti-nuclear movement. The origins of the "Mobe" are chronicled for posterity in the July 1977 issue of *WIN* magazine by two of its charter members, Clark University sociologist Sidney Peck and Harvard Employees Organizing Committee member Kathy Mathews. They credit Sidney Lens, radical gadfly and former member of the Trotskyite Revolutionary Workers' League, with drafting the original call for an anti-nuclear organization after meeting with "a number of Cambridge academic peaceniks" on Thanksgiving Day, 1976. Soon afterwards, word arrived that British World Peace Council activist Peggy Duff planned to visit Boston and "wanted to meet with interested people." (The World Peace Council is a Soviet front.) As Peck and Mathews tell it, "The meeting with Peggy Duff turned out to be a good follow-up meeting to the one with Sidney Lens. It was Peggy Duff who impressed her listeners with the historic importance of the UN Special Assembly on Disarmament scheduled for late May, 1978. In her typically direct way, laced with a stiff dose of Scottish brogue, she asked, 'Well, what are you folks going to do about it?'** No one ever really answered her question at the time,†† but the rest of this current history details a series of responses."

The responses, a series of anti-nuclear demonstrations drawing on "the active political network" of anti-war protestors across the country, have been favorably commented upon in the scholarly Soviet journal, *USA: Economics, Politics, Ideology*, published under the auspices of the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Moscow. Notes that periodical's August 1978 issue: "The Mobilization for Survival initiated a nationwide campaign against nuclear weapons in memory of the bombing of Hiroshima. More than 100 marches, demonstrations and sit-ins took place in 36 states—most of them at military bases connected with the Pentagon and nuclear power stations. At the same time, demonstrations were held in many U.S. cities to protest the development of the neutron bomb as part of International Action Week, designated by the World Peace Coun-

** "Waal, waa' arrr yifawks gewin tidew aboot it?"

†† Perhaps no one understood it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cil....More than 200 'teach-ins' were organized at universities and colleges throughout the nation."

Though *USA* is loathe to admit it, being officially committed to the doctrine of atheism, many of the demonstrations involved the active participation of clerics. To take but one example, culled from Mobe sources, on May 26, 1978, the Rev. Paul Mayer, who heads the group's Religious Task Force, led a procession to the UN, there to display "the Jewish ritual blowing of the *Shofar,* the soulforce of the Black Church, the prayers of Bishops and Evangelicals, the chanting of Buddhist monks from Hiroshima, the Mother Earth rites of American Indians, and the silence of contemplatives." The ecumenical extravaganza was undertaken to induce the religious community to "raise a passionate cry . . . against the threat of nuclear destruction." Next day, Jimmy Durham of AIM (American Indian Movement) presented the then United States Ambassador to the UN, the Rev. Andrew Young, with a petition demanding a total halt to all U.S. nuclear weapons programs. This the good Reverend declined to endorse. He did, however, join in the Mobe-sponsored rally then in progress.

The most recent Mobe protest was held in Washington on October 29, 1979, to coincide with the 50th anniversary of the stock market crash. Some 800 demonstrators assembled at noon by the Capitol, where they heard, among others, Werner Rümpel, Secretary-General of the East German Peace Council, who lauded Soviet party chief Leonid Brezhnev for offering to withdraw 1,000 tanks and 20,000 troops from East Germany. "Once again," said Rümpel, "it was the Soviet Union that made a new proposal of good will."

Enlightened by Rümpel and like-minded "international peace activists," the demonstrators then set off for the Forrestal Building, headquarters of the Department of Energy. En route, they were joined by a contingent of Grey Panthers, fierce oldsters who had just concluded their national convention. Arriving at the Forrestal Building, they attempted to block its numerous entrances. "A game of cat and mouse ensued," writes Mobe member John Miller in *WIN* magazine. "As the Federal Protective Service moved to open other doors, affinity groups*** blocked them and the FPS tried to clear them. Many people spontaneously joined us, including a Grey Panther in a wheelchair. At one point ten entrances were blocked. Several times police radios reported that no doors were open. People trying to get in—including Pentagon officials and workers returning from lunch—went from door to door and finally gave up."

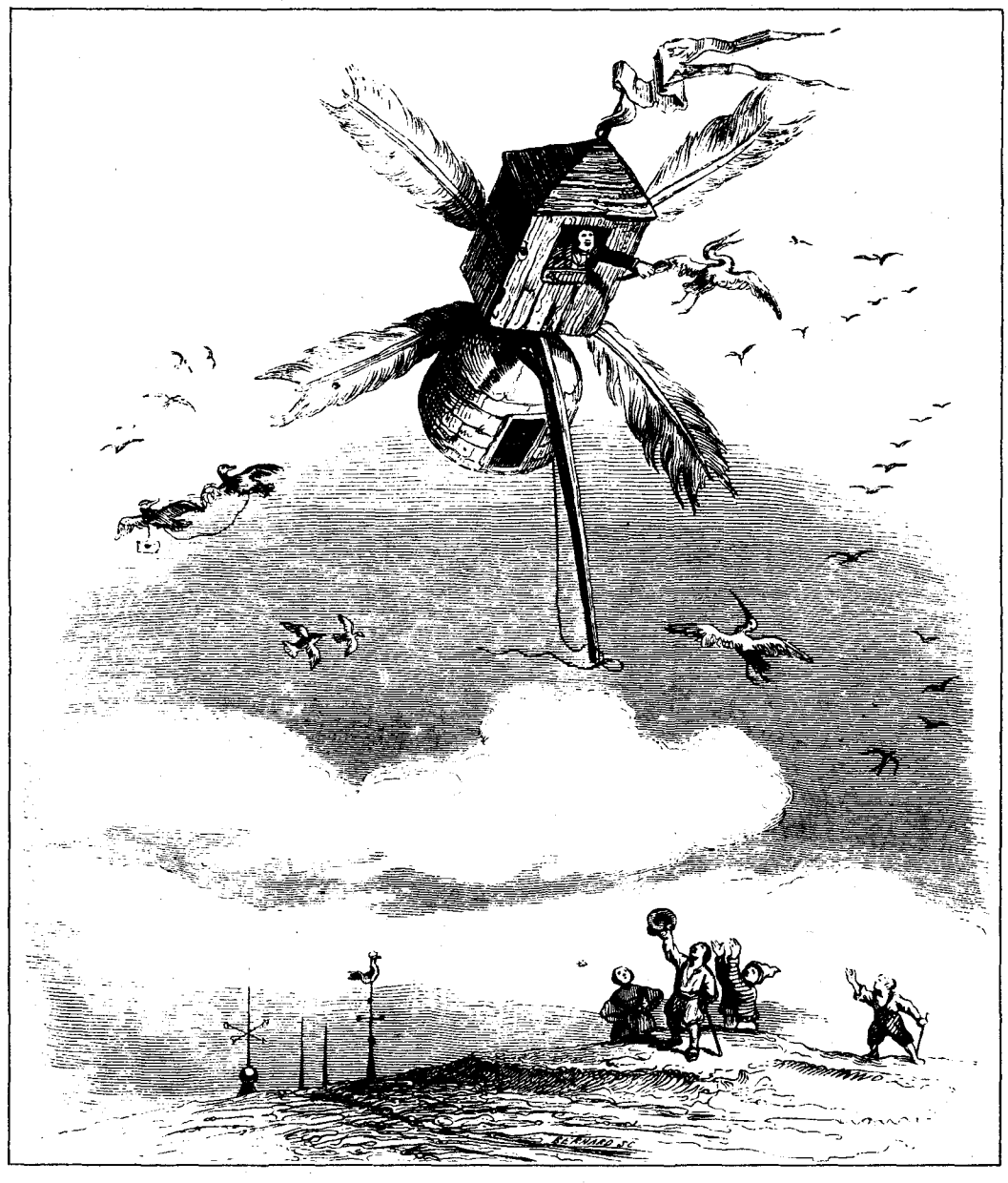
Among those taking part in the Washington protest were noted war-resisters Dave Dellinger††† and Daniel Ellsberg, as well as American Indian spokesperson Madonna Thunderhawk of WARN (Women of All Red Nations). That morning, they had participated in a similar anti-nuclear action in front of the New York Stock Exchange, and had succeeded in getting themselves arrested. Nonetheless, they managed to show up for the Washington afternoon demonstration, thereby expressing what a Mobe press release dubbed "the solidarity between the two actions." (The dykes from DONT didn't make the D.C. demo, but they did make the pages of *Pravda.*) In contrast to the Wall Street action, no one was arrested at the DOE demonstration, and plans for monthly meetings between the DOE and Mobe are reportedly underway.

*** Affinity group is a common Movement phrase, used to designate any small group of protestors acting as a unit in a demonstration, sit-in, etc. The term was coined by the Iberian Anarchist Federation in pre-Civil War Spain. In the Clamshell Alliance, affinity groups appoint "spokes" who meet with other "spokes" in a "cluster" to decide policy. Clusters, in turn, appoint representatives to the Decision Making Body (DMB), the governing Clam council.

††† Dellinger had been in Washington just a month before to attend the Palestine Human Rights Conference, where he declared that he would take "personal responsibility" for seeing to it that a speaker for the PLO appeared at every anti-nuclear rally.

The measure of the anti-nuclear movement's success may be gauged by the fact that the American nuclear industry currently hovers near the point of collapse. Unless there is a substantial influx of new orders for nuclear power plants by 1981, warns the former president of the nuclear division of the American Physical Society, Bernard L. Cohen, "there will be massive layoffs in the nuclear industry, and all the experts in various aspects of nuclear systems will find work in other areas. Once that happens, it would take a very long time to reassemble them." For the necessary influx of orders to occur, however, utilities must be convinced that nuclear power plants, once ordered, will come "on-stream" relatively soon—otherwise, they will hesitate to tie up the huge amounts of capital which the construction of a plant entails. In the absence of a national consensus on the need for nuclear power—an absence brought about in no small part by the industrious efforts of the anti-nuclear movement—utilities have no such assurances. Previous orders for reactors are therefore indefinitely deferred and new orders are not forthcoming—hence the crisis of the nuclear industry.

As recent events in Iran and Afghanistan have only underscored, the "energy crisis," at the very heart of which lies our



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dependence on oil from the Persian Gulf, is not so much economic as it is political in nature. At issue is the simple question: Can the West achieve a measure of energy self-sufficiency before the Soviet Union and its friends gain control of the Persian Gulf?

The answer to that question depends very much on our willingness to exploit our vast coal and nuclear resources. It is, however, precisely against the utilization of these resources—and especially against the utilization of nuclear energy—that the detritus of the anti-war movement has mounted its determined, well-organized, and lavishly funded campaign. While this assault is conducted under the banner of "environmentalism," its fundamental animus is directed at American society—its values, its institutions, and, above all, its power (which is why those who oppose nuclear power plants today so often oppose nuclear weapons as well). Anti-nuclear activists have long regarded the U.S. as the champion of reaction and the citadel of counterrevolution, and the current drive against nuclear energy is merely the latest in a series of efforts aimed at dealing American power a deathblow—this time, via the economic route. It seems scarcely credible that groups like the Clam, Mobe, MUSE, and DONT could accomplish the destruction of America, yet the concatenation of circumstances is such that they just might. Stranger things have happened. □

Kenneth L. Adelman

JIMMY'S GEOGRAPHY LESSON

For the Soviets, there were lots of good reasons to invade Afghanistan, not least of which was that no one was going to stop them.

The surprise of the Soviets' invasion of Afghanistan was not so much in degree as in kind. For when the Soviets move militarily, they move massively. This is as true today as it was in 1968 when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia. As Soviet and Cuban moves on Angola in 1975 and Ethiopia in 1977 and 1978 have again made clear, Moscow has no patience for such a strategy of gradual escalation as the U.S. practiced militarily in Vietnam and as it is now practicing again, politically and economically, in Iran.

Still, the kind of invasion was shocking. Never before, since the Bolsheviks secured power, have Russian troops been actively and massively engaged outside Eastern Europe in peacetime. Evidently, Afghanistan has fallen under the 1968 Brezhnev Doctrine, which postulated the Soviets' right to intervene in any socialist state—not, in Brezhnev's words, confined to Eastern Europe at all—for the sake of socialist solidarity. In any case, the invasion hardly bodes well for the 1980s, the first decade in history to witness a stretch of Soviet strategic superiority and a new Soviet reliance on oil from the Persian Gulf.

Just what are the Soviets up to? It is hard to say, but any number of theories, of varying merit, have been advanced. Perhaps most intriguing is the theory of "aggressive defense" which suggests, in its crudest form, that the Russians invaded Afghanistan for stability. In its most sophisticated form, it holds that the Soviets moved on this Muslim country to prevent religious fanaticism from spilling over into the USSR, where, demographers tell us, the Islamic population is growing inordinately fast. But if you didn't notice Islamic fanaticism in Afghanistan recently, or the KGB's problem in controlling the Muslims within the USSR, it wasn't without reason. There hasn't been any.

More fashionable and enduring is the "encirclement theory." Here power, not religion, prevails. Russia lashes out for fear of being surrounded by enemies, particularly China, Europe, and Japan in league with America, and this fear is said to be reinforced by a kind of cultural paranoia, the result of having suffered past invasions. But, as Russian scholar Richard Pipes has noted, no state becomes a superpower and a vast empire spanning 11 times zones by enduring repeated invasions. Indeed, Russia has been the rapacious invader as often in history as the victim of invasion.

Not that the Kremlin isn't fearful, especially of the Chinese. It is. And this fear may have entered into the "go" decision on Afghanistan. For the past couple years, Chinese advisors in Pakistan have been helping to train and equip Afghan rebels, who first fought the Afghan Marxists and who are now fighting Soviet forces. By invading, the Soviets hoped to prevent these Chinese-backed forces from "nibbling" them to death (as Soviet-backed forces did to us in Vietnam). So the invasion's timing at least may have been related to Defense Secretary Harold Brown's traveling to China, although it probably had more to do with our diplomats' languishing in Iran. The Iranian crisis provided cover for this move, much as the Suez crisis did for the Soviets' 1956 invasion of Hungary.

The question of why the Soviets invaded Afghanistan is best referred to their designs in the region, which have been clear since the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939-1941, when Stalin's Foreign Minister Molotov demanded that the area "in the general direction of the Persian Gulf [be] recognized as the focal point of the aspirations of the Soviet Union." Toward this end, the Russians of late have been building airfields and naval bases in South Yemen, Ethiopia, and Afghanistan, positioning equipment in these countries and in Libya, and recruiting soldiers from these three new Marxist allies to supplement their own troops and those from East Germany and Cuba. Moreover, Soviet training maneuvers last summer and operational moves

Kenneth L. Adelman served as Assistant to the Secretary of Defense (1976-1977) before becoming Senior Political Scientist of the Strategic Studies Center of SRI International.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this winter proved that military capabilities there exist in practice as well as on paper.

The Russians are now in a position to move in speedily during a crisis in the area or to preempt the Americans—who have far greater interests in the Gulf region than the Russians could ever have—from doing so. By invading Afghanistan, they eliminated a buffer between the USSR and Pakistan and Iran, where a crisis is imminent, while placing themselves within easy striking range of the Strait of Hormuz, through which nearly half the West's oil passes. What is more, Afghanistan will now provide a base for clandestine operations, to subvert the Saudi royal family, for instance, or foster a coup in Oman, or help even more the Tudeh Party in Iran. Needless to say, such operations, like the Soviet involvement in the takeover of Mecca's Grand Mosque, are more difficult for us to decipher than outright invasion, but easier for the Russians to effect.

For now, Soviet plans may well turn to "Baluchistan," not a state *per se* but the vision of a state for the five million or so Baluch tribesmen living in western Pakistan, eastern Iran, and southern Afghanistan. Inhabiting territory which stretches for nearly 750 miles along the Persian Gulf, the Baluch have been fighting both Iran and Pakistan for independence since 1947. Not surprisingly, their cause is championed by the Soviets. In 1964, a Soviet scholar wrote a book on the Baluch in which he defined them as a separate nationality deserving of independence. In 1980, the Russian puppet Babrak Karmal carried on about the Baluch's "legitimate aspirations" in his first speech as Afghanistan's President. If it comes to be, a "People's Republic of Baluchistan" might well establish a new capital at Gwadar (now part of Pakistan), an ancient port city with a natural harbor where the Soviets could establish a naval base. The area's untapped oil and gas reserves would be a boon to the Soviets but not nearly so important as their securing a warm-water port, in this case, right on the Persian Gulf.

On New Year's Day, *Izvestia*'s crack investigative reporters informed their readers that the CIA "is directly involved in training Afghan rebels in camps in Pakistan and maintains contacts with counterrevolutionaries in Afghanistan itself." Would that it were so! Instead, the CIA allowed administration officials to console senators all fall that nothing much was afoot in Afghanistan. At any rate, with the invasion we can now openly champion Afghan "freedom fighters" by providing weapons (for instance, anti-tank missiles and anti-aircraft missiles of the type Moscow gave African guerrillas to shoot down civilian airliners) which, combined with the harsh land and the rough ways of its people, would push up the Russian costs of invasion tremendously, and might lead some Russian soldiers to heed Kipling's advice in "The Young British Soldier":

When you're wounded and left on the
    Afghan plains,
And the women come out to cut up
    what remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier....

Even then, though, the chances are slight that Afghanistan will become Russia's "Vietnam," as so many American leftists are eager to suggest.* First, even at its best, the U.S. will not provide Afghan resisters with anything approaching the enormous weaponry the Russians poured into Vietnam. Besides, Afghanistan lies right next door to the Soviet Union, making logistics tidier, while Vietnam is halfway around the globe from us. And Afghanistan is a far more strategic territory than Vietnam. Whereas the Russian-backed forces in Vietnam were well-disciplined, organized, and led, the Afghan resisters are not. Finally, as the long counter-insurgency campaigns in Angola (since 1975) and Ethiopia (since 1977) have shown, a totalitarian system can endure protracted conflict. There will be no idealistic Russian youth burning draft cards or carrying placards to convince the Kremlin to "give peace a chance" or to stop the Soviets from napalming villages (now common in Afghanistan) or from lining up hundreds of Afghan political and religious leaders before Russian firing squads or to stop Soviet helicopter gunships from mowing down innocent civilians.†

More appropriate than Vietnam is the analogy—suggested privately by an upper White House official—with Ethiopia and the 1937 Italian invasion there. Both this and Afghanistan were bald, crude examples of big-power aggression against barren little countries, to which outraged governments responded in futility. Sure, the attacks were deplorable, but the victims were far afield, beyond the reaches of Western states or international machinery (then the League, now the UN). Each conflict was eventually considered to be, as Neville Chamberlain said about Czechoslovakia in 1938, "in a far-away country between people of whom we know nothing."

And this is one reason, among many, why the Carter administration will talk tough but do little, that is, will not provide the Afghans with the weapons they need, or slap on potent international sanctions, or seriously build up U.S. forces in the area. Not that the President isn't furious—he is. But he is also worried about his political position, and knows that any really strong action would send tremors through the left, and most active, wing of the Democratic Party. For today, at least, he must win primaries and firm inaction has propelled his popularity over the past months.

Nor will the international community take up against the Soviets where Carter leaves off. In due course, the "nonaligned" world is sure to line up against the West, as usual. Many of our European allies, meanwhile, have a greater stake in détente than we do, especially West Germany: Bonn is not only Moscow's leading trading partner, but it also depends upon the Soviets' disposition for what movement

* Tom Wicker, for instance, in his *New York Times* column of January 4th entitled "A Risky Judgment," wrote that Moscow "may well have a tiger by the tail rather than a plum in its hands."

† Such actions in Afghanistan, however, pale in comparison with some in Laos, where Moscow frequently spreads poison gas against the Meo tribesmen and afterwards sends in teams of scientists to gauge the medical effects.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is between East and West Germany. Similarly, Japan's foreign policy is so bound up with its economy that it will probably succumb to Soviet economic overtures. And many Western leaders are sure to allude to the "real" hawks lurking in the Kremlin, much as President Carter did last year to bolster support for SALT II, and as President Truman did in 1945. "It would be a real catastrophe if Stalin should die at the present time," Truman said that October, when the Soviets and Americans were already on a collision course, for he then considered Stalin a "moderating influence," a sentiment sure to reemerge in regard to Brezhnev later this year.

In the new Age of Normalcy, then, another round of Soviet adventurism will undoubtedly ensue, although probably not another Afghanistan. First of all, so brazen an attack may not be necessary for the Russians; and second, there is a cost to an invasion like this, not in the hand-slapping at the UN or in the tough-talking at the White House, but in the way it galvanizes what *Pravda* calls the "reactionary elements" within the U.S. In this case, such "elements," parlaying Afghanistan and the Iranian crisis together, are at the front of a new pro-Americanism which will burn as the most important political force in the next several years. They have also helped the American public (if not leaders) to recognize that there is evil loose in the world which succumbs neither to the seduction of American goodness—Carter's government "as kind and good and moral as the American people"—nor, unlike the postwar days, to the fear of American might. Carter may not long remember that Afghanistan changed his ideas about the Soviets' love of peace (ideas of the type which prompted Cyrus Vance to say that Carter and Brezhnev shared "similar dreams and aspirations" for the world), but the American people *will* remember. They will face the undeniable fact that Mr. Carter fears power and knows not how to use it. They will recognize that the Soviets no longer practice—if they ever did—restraint for the sake of world stability. Through SALT, the 1973 détente accord on superpower cooperation, and the 1979 Vienna summit, the U.S. bestowed the Soviet Union with superpower prestige with the understanding that it would behave responsibly like one. If South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Angola, Ethiopia, and South Yemen—to name only those places where new Marxist regimes have come to power since 1975 with the help of Soviet arms and Cuban or Soviet combat troops—were not evidence enough, let us hope that, with the invasion of Afghanistan, such illusions are dead. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

THE IMPERIAL CANDIDACY

John Connally understands power, but who will trust him with it?

Henry Kissinger once declared that power is the greatest aphrodisiac. Personally, I question his judgment. To the small degree that I have ever been exposed to the stuff, I've always found it something between an unpleasant distraction from the really worthwhile things in life and a mild soporific. But then writers are strange anyway. If one does take Kissinger at his word—which not everyone is willing to do these days—John Connally must be the randiest candidate in the race. The man exudes power and is a past master at accruing and wielding it. And Henry Kissinger, whatever his foibles, is a formidable connoisseur of power and ego. Thus his description of John Connally in his recently published memoirs merits consideration as expert testimony:

> Highly intelligent, superbly endowed physically, he looked and acted as if he were born to lead [Kissinger writes of Connally]. His build was matched by his ego. His amiable manner never obscured the reality that he would not hesitate to overcome any obstacle to his purposes. "You will be measured in this town," he said to me once, "by the enemies you destroy. The bigger they are, the bigger you will be." John Connally was never afraid of his opponents; he relished combat in defense of his convictions. Whatever one might think of his views, he was a leader.

Without differing from Kissinger's view of Connally as a leader, one can find serious reasons for questioning the current wisdom which rates the swaggering Texan as Ronald Reagan's leading challenger. Even the best leader is powerless without followers and, while Connally has managed to assemble a solid campaign command team at the top, and has raked in money from the fat cats, he has yet to prove his ability to attract Republican voters *en masse*. It's the old Benedict Arnold syndrome at work again. In 1780, Arnold, one of the most talented of George Washington's generals, switched sides in the Revolutionary War, abandoning his West Point command and joining the British. His defection caused quite a stir at the time, but the British, leary of trusting a turncoat, were afraid to give his talents full play, and so Arnold never again commanded a major army.

Two hundred years later, John Connally, who defected from the Democrats in 1973, has applied for the job of 1980 Republican Commander-in-Chief. And so far, most grassroots Republicans seem to be treating him with the same mixture of awe and distrust that the British did Arnold. Yet the undeniable dynamism of the man is such that large segments of the press, the business community, and political professionals think he may be the only man capable of overcoming Ronald Reagan's lead and then beating the Democratic nominee in the general election.

How much of Connally's strength is real, and how much of it is just a product of the masterful Texan's tall talking? My own reading is that Connally is weaker than he looks and that the same bluster that initially won him headlines and big campaign contributions is starting to cost him votes and esteem—especially among cautious, slightly priggish Republican voters who, on top of everything else, find his speech and mannerisms unpleasantly reminiscent of Lyndon Johnson.

Aram Bakshian, Jr., former aide to Presidents Nixon and Ford, writes frequently for The American Spectator. *This essay is adapted from his new book,* The Candidates—1980: A Professional Handicaps the Presidential Derby, *published by Arlington House.* *Copyright © 1980 by Aram Bakshian, Jr.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's only right that they should, for LBJ was John Connally's political godfather. Connally cut his political teeth as a young Johnson staffer in the House of Representatives and the Senate in the 1930s and 1940s. It was also Johnson's patronage as Vice President that won Connally his appointment as Secretary of the Navy in 1961—the post that served as his springboard to the governorship of Texas. As governor, Connally proved his own mettle, winning re-election twice and serving three two-year terms from 1963-1967. Tough, articulate, and photogenic, Connally was one of the most popular, successful governors in the state's history. But the fact remains that, with the sole exception of George Bush—another Texan and probably Connally's nearest rival—his is the weakest elective record among Republican candidates for the nomination.

Since 1966 Connally has not been judged by American voters in any contest for public office. And he has *never* run in any general election as a Republican. In the ordinary course of events, Connally would still be practicing lucrative law in Houston, as he was in 1971 when Richard Nixon, casting about for a well-known Democrat to take on the thankless post of Secretary of the Treasury—and add a *soupçon* of bipartisanship to his administration's economic policy—decided on Connally.

In 1971, with the Democrats already beginning to set the suicidal course that ended with Nixon's 1972 landslide victory over George McGovern, it seemed as if a drastic political realignment was about to take place. The "Emerging Republican Majority" that Kevin Phillips had prophesied in 1969 seemed imminent, and John Connally decided that he wanted in on the action. So he came to Washington, was an impressive political success as Secretary of the Treasury, went on to head Democrats for Nixon in the 1972 campaign, and, in 1973, formally announced that he had turned Republican.

From then on it was downhill. If Connally had known in 1973 what he knows now, he would probably still be a Democrat. The "New Majority" died a-borning in the rubble of Watergate; and in the prosecution fever that followed, Connally was indicted and tried on charges of pocketing graft. Washington, which had recently seemed such a warm, promising place, turned grey around the edges for the high roller from Texas.

It all might have been too much for a weaker man, but Connally, to his credit, fought back. Exonerated of bribery charges by a full acquittal, he immediately plunged back into politics. Soon he was one of the most popular after-dinner speakers on the Republican and corporate lecture circuit. Connally rightly points out that, by being tried and acquitted, he is the only *provenly* innocent candidate in the race. However, like the man who had his head cut off to cure a migraine, Connally may have lost more than he gained. Certainly, a residue of scandal still haunts him. The discredited milk-fund charges will be repeated, exaggerated, and distorted with increasing frequency if Connally moves up in the race. This isn't fair, but it's routine politics.

Besides his personal magnetism, the two related qualities most often mentioned by Connally's supporters are his pragmatism and his leadership. Unfortunately for Connally, both of these qualities cut two ways, especially among the people most likely to vote in Republican primaries. "Pragmatism"—where strongly ideological Republicans are concerned—smacks seriously of heresy and opportunism. And "leadership," when applied to a glib, somewhat overbearing Texan like Connally, summons up unpleasant memories of LBJ. So Connally's two biggest assets may also prove his two biggest liabilities on the road to the nomination.

And Lyndon Johnson isn't the only albatross hanging around John Connally's ruddy neck. In retrospect, he has been singularly unfortunate in his choice of patrons—first LBJ and then Richard Nixon. How well I remember the way Nixon, as President, used to rave about Connally's skill as a political "nutcutter," his powers as a speaker, and his ability to "get things done." Several years after Nixon's involuntary retirement, when I spent a few weeks in San Clemente editing portions of his memoirs, the former President was still keen on Connally, considering him head and shoulders above other potential Republican candidates. "John's got balls," Nixon declared, once more putting the matter in a nutshell.

In fact, it was an open secret back in 1972 that, if it hadn't been for grassroots GOP distrust of Connally and residual party loyalty to Spiro Agnew, Connally would have been Nixon's running mate against George McGovern. Had that happened, Connally might be President today.

"Only three men in America understand the use of power," Nixon once told economist Arthur Burns. "I do. John Connally does. And I guess Nelson [Rockefeller] does."

That's quite a tribute until one recalls that "Nelson" understood power so well that he never succeeded in winning the one emblem of power he yearned for more than anything else in the world—the Presidency—and that Nixon, although a skilled power broker in international affairs, misread the domestic power balance so badly that he was, in his own words, hounded out of office because of "a third-rate burglary."

Maybe John Connally is different. He certainly understands the trappings—if not the underlying dynamics—of power. He deserves great credit, to cite but one example, for parlaying little more than his bravado and the dubious prestige of being a retired Democratic governor of Texas to coming within inches of being Nixon's successor ("Every cabinet should have a future President in it," Nixon told John Ehrlichman by way of explaining his appointment of Connally to Treasury—and he meant it).

Connally is definitely, in Arthur Burns' wonderful understatement, "a forceful, ambitious man." But will that be enough to win him the Republican nomination in 1980?

No one can accuse him of mincing words in the pursuit. John Connally has marked off friendly and enemy constituencies and boldly outlined policies most candidates are afraid to grapple with even in the vaguest terms. He seems to agree with the late General George Patton's approach to battle: "Take calculated risks. That is quite different from being rash." →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America—especially American leadership—has gone morally and materially flabby, Connally tells his audiences. We need an unapologetically strong man at the helm again, one who will, among other things:

- Strengthen the fleet, deploy the MX Missile and the Neutron Bomb, and go ahead with the B1 Bomber.
- Balance the budget (which Connally says he would do within two years if elected).
- Cut taxes by as much as $100 billion in the next three to five years.
- Soften environmental regulations to permit greater use of coal ("The worst environment," he reminds working-class audiences, "is to be cold, hungry, and unemployed...it's time to stop taking scientific advice from Jane Fonda and Ralph Nader.").
- Speed up the construction of nuclear power plants.

This little bag of conservative goodies, while more emphatically pitched by Connally, isn't really that different from Reagan's or Bush's preliminary platforms, and perhaps for that reason, it has been widely ignored by press and public. Where Connally *is* different, and where he has received more publicity than even he may have wanted, is on the ticklish Middle East question. This is the biggest gamble of the biggest gambler in the race, and it seems to have done John Connally more harm than good.

I leave it to my readers to decide whether Connally's nine-point proposal for a peace settlement in the Middle East is what he claims, or the "total surrender to blackmail by oil-producing countries" that its critics claim. For the purposes of handicapping him as a Presidential contender, the real question is whether his position helped or hurt his chances. I believe that it has damaged his *present* prospects as a nominee and potential candidate—regardless of whether one happens to view him as a prophet without honor or an opportunist betrayed by poor sense of timing. But we can't be sure until well into the primaries, which makes his Mideast position one of Connally's biggest wild cards.

Strong, not to say pugnacious, Connally may appear to be too much of a leader in the autocratic sense for many voters. Early in the race, while most of his rivals were still struggling to boost their name recognition, Connally's problem was that quite a few people already recognized his name and decided that they didn't like it. My usually calm, scholarly friend, columnist George Will, who bitterly denounced Connally's Mideast plan, quipped that Connally "may have the support of 80 percent of the officers of the 'Fortune 500' corporations, but they are (to exaggerate just a bit) about 80 percent of his support."

George then illustrated his point with a Field poll taken in California in the spring of 1979 which revealed Connally as the only Republican candidate who "generated more negative than positive impressions," and a more current private poll targeted at Republican primary voters in the Northeast which showed a solid 30 percent "would not vote for Connally under any circumstances." He went on to address the matter of Connally's aggressive campaigning style:

> Connally's veiled references to Reagan's age (Reagan is all of six years older than Connally) and Connally's not-at-all veiled references to Chappaquiddick ("I never drowned anybody") are nasty. Perhaps nasty people deserve a candidate, and the nasty constituency is not negligible. Connally may even become "the thinking person's Agnew," which is, of course, a contradiction in terms....

It is this Connally abrasiveness—and the vindictiveness it generates in usually *blasé* commentators like George Will—that raises questions about Connally's leadership image. Some of those sparks of acrimony are bound to kindle voter discomfort—especially among Republican voters already dubious about Connally's party credentials. On the other hand, his tendency to take the clear, hard line where others waffle, also sets Connally apart for praise by Americans tired of the usual campaign blahs. John Connally is an obviously *strong* leader, but many voters are uncertain whether his is "good" strength or "bad" strength.

Connally is running a high-risk campaign and would prove to be a high-risk, high-yield President if nominated and elected. He is a true patriot but also a true autocrat in the LBJ mold—more polished than Lyndon but every bit as overbearing and egotistical. That is why so many voters fear him—and so many others see him as the only man strong enough to deal with the current national mess. From a writer's point of view, a Connally Presidency would be fascinating and fun. Watching him swing into action always is. But I believe that in 1980 the people he frightens—and the people in whom he inspires distrust or distaste—will outnumber his supporters in the GOP race.

If he could get through that, he would probably beat either Carter or Kennedy. But it just isn't in the cards for 1980—at least as I read them. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Karl O'Lessker

LE CARRÉ'S PEOPLE

With *Smiley's People,* John le Carré brings his brilliant spy trilogy to an end, along with any doubts about his being a serious novelist.

With the publication of *Smiley's People** John le Carré brings to a conclusion what has turned out to be a trilogy—a set of three spy novels, chronologically ordered, involving the conflict between George Smiley, sometime Chief of the British Secret Service, and "Karla," head of the KGB's Thirteenth Directorate. Though Smiley had appeared as the unprepossessing hero of le Carré's first two books, one a spy story, the other a conventional murder mystery,† and as a walk-on in three later spy novels, beginning with the one that brought le Carré international fame, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* (1963),‡ it was not until *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* (1974) that his creator moved him to or near the pinnacle of British Intelligence and invented Karla as his Soviet foil. This was followed by *The Honourable Schoolboy* (1977), populated by many of the same characters and ending with Smiley's forced retirement as Chief. But he is back now, called once more to service by his successor: "...given, in late age, a chance to return to the rained-out contests of his life and play them after all." And this, for reasons which I shall certainly not reveal here, is the last time we may hope to see him locked in combat with the extraordinary Karla.

Taken all in all, the Smiley trilogy is a grand achievement, beyond question the finest series of international intrigue fiction in our language. Whether it is also *literature* is another question, to which I shall want to return a bit later. For the moment let me only say that in my judgment *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* is the best spy novel ever written, with the current *Smiley's People* not far behind. And if *The Honourable Schoolboy* doesn't quite meet the standards of the other two, it is nevertheless a marvelous "read." Each of the three stands by itself as a complete novel, but the rewards are richer if you read them consecutively.

Smiley's People begins, as I have said, with "the summons of Mr. George Smiley from his dubious retirement." The attempted intimidation by a KGB thug of an otherwise nondescript Russian woman in Paris and the murder in London of an elderly Russian emigré leader, formerly of British Intelligence, are the "two seemingly unconnected events" that intertwine to pull Smiley out of the London Library in St. James' Square, away from his research in German baroque poetry, and onto the trail, not of one of Karla's agents, but of Karla himself. Along the way he reactivates many of his old associates from the earlier books—Peter Guillam, Connie Sachs, Toby Esterhase—and wearily drags himself across the face of Europe to a final climactic encounter at the Berlin Wall. The plot is intricate but not at all tricky, the characterizations superb, the evocation of place masterly, the technical detail impeccable. It is altogether a superlative performance by the former British civil servant, David Cornwell, turned peerless spy novelist, John le Carré.

Now that the trilogy is complete, it is worth asking two separate but important questions about the *genre* and le Carré's place in it. The first has to do with politics. Specifically, can a spy novel embody any political ideas other than the most rudimentary? Once an author gets above the good-guys-versus-bad-guys level (as in, say, Ian Fleming's or Robert Ludlum's books, which are as innocent of ideas as a Tom Swift story), it seems to me the writer can hardly avoid portraying the interplay of ideology and individual; and the manner of his portrayal can hardly avoid embodying a political idea. So it was that in this journal some months ago I wrote harshly about Graham Greene, who in his most recent novel, *The Human Factor,* contrasted through their respective intelligence agents a brutal, corrupt, racist, and incompetent West to a quietly efficient, even humanitarian, Soviet Union. Clearly Greene, a man of high intellectual and artistic ability, knew precisely what he was doing, politically, and why.

A rather more familiar approach—which probably owes its origins to le Carré's own *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*—claims a kind of ideological neutrality by simply portraying espionage as a dirty business no matter in which nation's interest it is performed. Double-cross and triple-cross are the norm, with one's own agents as much at hazard from one's own acts as from the enemy's. Spies, and especially spymasters, are moral basket-cases. To gain any worthwhile end they will resolutely sacrifice the innocent. Little wonder that the real-world spymaster Richard Helms found *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* not only uncongenial but hateful:

> It was not just the violence Helms minded, but the betrayal, the mood of defeat, the meanness, the numb loneliness of a man for whom loyalty has become a joke....Le Carré was undermining the very bedrock of intelligence, the faith of men in the meaning of their work.... [Helms] didn't just dislike le Carré's book; he *detested* it.**

Without passing judgment on Helms' own morals or performance, one has to wonder whether there isn't here an element of overreaction, of protesting too much. For as Helms' biographer makes clear, such le Carré themes as the psychological destructiveness of a long career in

* Knopf, $10.95.

† *Call for the Dead* (1961) and *A Murder of Quality* (1962). Both have just been republished by Bantam Books.

‡ *The Looking Glass War* (1965) and *A Small Town in Germany* (1968).

** Thomas Powers, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets,* p. 55.

Karl O'Lessker, senior editor of The American Spectator, *is professor of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intelligence and the use of one's own agents, unknown to them, as stalking-horses can be documented in the record of the CIA. It is hard to escape the conclusion that Helms' anger at le Carré is, as much as anything, the resentment of a man forced to confront an unwelcome moral reality.

Where does this leave the casual reader as a moral judge? Le Carré himself is unembarrassed in insisting that, in espionage at least, the end justifies the means. Throughout the trilogy he has Smiley making the point that the West, whatever its shortcomings, is by any moral criterion incomparably superior to its Communist antagonists. Even in *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,* morally the most problematical of his books, we hear Smiley sounding remarkably like Senator Goldwater at the 1964 Republican convention, calling upon Western agents "to be inhuman in defence of our humanity... harsh in defence of compassion. To be single-minded in defence of our disparity." Three generations earlier Santayana had said that nothing will repay a man for becoming inhuman. Le Carré replies, in effect, but that was before the invention of totalitarianism. But he is artist enough to play it straight with his readers—to show the terrible moral costs of being "inhuman in defence of humanity"—and let us make our own hard judgments. Reduced to simplest terms, le Carré's novels portray a world in which Western agents commit vile acts in pursuit of a good cause, while Soviet agents commit even worse acts in pursuit of a bad cause. That may not be as pleasing a picture as we (and Richard Helms) might like to gaze upon, but it is an accurate one. Many years ago, in *Politics and the Novel,* Irving Howe talked about the importance "of that quality we loosely call 'true to life,' or here more pertinently, true to the moral complexities of political behavior." By that standard, surely, le Carré's spy novels are the best we have.

But how good are they simply as novels? If we accept, as I have no doubt we must, that his work is significantly higher up the ladder of art than that of Fleming or Ludlum or Len Deighton, we may still want to deny it certification as literature. Anthony Burgess, for example, argues that "literature is recognizable through its capacity to evoke more than it says, is based on artful selection, throws up symbols, suggests a theology or metaphysic of which the story itself is a kind of allegory," and on this basis dismisses le Carré's novels as having "nothing to do" with literature. Similarly, an earlier reviewer in the *New York Times Book Review,* Richard Locke, granted le Carré "originality and distinction as a popular novelist" but accused him of being "simplistic... self-comforting... essentially naive," and in the cruelest cut of all declared that "modernism and the ironies of the literary novels of the 1960s are beyond him." The rest of us, however, recalling all those "literary novels of the 1960s," written in disproportionate numbers by university professors and crammed full of unsatisfied New York housewives, suffering adolescents, and adulterous academicians, may just be able to stifle our disdain for le Carré.

Still the question remains whether he is a *good novelist,* by which I mean, does he create believable characters operating in complex and significant relationship to each other and to their environment, and does he do so in supple and effective prose? If that is anything like an acceptable definition of the novelist's craft, I have no hesitation in stating my own judgment that he is indeed a good novelist. To say that his characters are neither as vivid as Trollope's nor as complex as Dostoevsky's, that his sense of moral ambiguity falls far short of Conrad's, that in subtlety he is no match for Henry James and in the beauty of his prose no competitor to Scott Fitzgerald—to cite all these shortfalls is hardly justification for denying him the status of serious novelist.

It seems to me his severest impediment to recognition as "serious" is the exoticism of his stories. It is almost impossible for us today to consider a spy novel as anything but popular entertainment. So accustomed have we become to the notion that serious writers must only concern themselves with the ordinary trials of ordinary people (there are notable exceptions, to be sure, like Thomas Pynchon and John Barth), and so heavy-laden are the paperback book racks with "thrillers" bearing not a leaf-trace of literary merit, that even the most accomplished spy novel must seem frivolous almost by definition.

Yet the fact remains that what is exotic is not necessarily nonexistent; spies are not unicorns. They exist, they intrigue, they suffer, they die. And like the rest of us they are hostage to their own loves and hates and beliefs and longings. So there is nothing inherently impossible about writing serious fiction involving spies. But it is clear that our literary culture today places a very heavy burden of proof upon writers like le Carré to show that they are not in fact guilty of committing popular entertainment.

If we can put aside our prejudice in this regard and settle down to judge a le Carré novel on its own merits we can begin to identify the failures as well as the successes of his formidable technique. As I have already implied, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* is a practically flawless performance. The plot is outstanding—Smiley is called out of retirement to track down a "mole" (a Soviet agent) at the very highest level of British Intelligence—and le Carré handles its development with care and restraint, letting its inherent melodrama unfold with no unnecessary tricks or ornamentation. Moreover the characterizations are masterful even down to the most fleeting actors; each has his own distinct voice and mannerisms. "My minor characters are always getting out of scale," le Carré once told an interviewer. "I keep promising them a treat in the next book if they'll just keep quiet now." To anyone who has ever worked diligently at writing fiction that comment tells a good deal about le Carré's craft. And we know of course that he has often kept his promise. Thus the briefest of walk-ons in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy,* Jerry Westerby, becomes, next to Smiley himself, the central figure in *The Honourable Schoolboy.* And it is not only the name that emigrates from one book to the other: The individual touches that brought Westerby so vividly to life in the former are meticulously elaborated in the latter.

Another way to see how good le Carré can be is to examine the instances in which he has misplayed his hand. *The Honourable Schoolboy,* for all its many excellences, seems to me to have more than its share of creative errors. For one thing, it is too long: Too many of its 500-plus pages are superfluous, full of narrative and descriptive details that neither advance the story nor illuminate character but are merely self-indulgences on the part of a writer who revels in his own prowess. Another point against it, in my view, are certain improbabilities of plot. One simply doesn't believe, for instance, that the Chief of Britain's Secret Service would permit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself to engage in routine field work (the interrogation of Lizzie Worthington's husband and parents), nor that he would have the heads of his Soviet and Chinese *research* sections conduct other interrogations on their own.

Less important to the plot, and for that reason perhaps more revealing, is le Carré's carelessness in portraying Peter Guillam's (he is Smiley's principal assistant) romantic attachment in *The Honourable Schoolboy* in contrast to an identical subplot in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. In the latter, Guillam falls in love with a flower child flute student named Camilla. Though we get only the briefest direct glimpse of her—most of what we "see" and "hear" of her is recorded in Guillam's thoughts—she is so artfully drawn that she seems to be an important presence in the story. But Guillam's mistress in *The Honourable Schoolboy*, a girl called Molly Meakin, is utterly lifeless. Though we do see and hear her on several occasions as well as read about her in her lover's thoughts, she never becomes more than an author's strategem and an inexplicable one at that.

In *Smiley's People*, too, though a leaner, tauter book, there are occasional failings that cause me to rank it below (though close to) *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. I have particular trouble accepting the psychological credibility of Mme. Ostrakova, whose troubles set in motion the whole elaborate chain of events that leads to the final confrontation between Smiley and Karla. Too often the interior monologue which le Carré ascribes to her simply doesn't ring true; it *sounds* invented—the sure sign of a character who, though she has an important narrative function to serve, has never really taken root in the author's imagination. Similarly, we can't help being jolted out of our immersion in the story when we are hit with the reflections of a minor character (a police superintendent) who glances at Smiley's face and thinks to himself: "Not *one* face at all, actually.... More like your whole range of faces. More your patchwork of different ages, people, and endeavors. Even... of different faiths." Well, perhaps. But not, as the British would say, bloody likely. The superintendent's metaphysical flight, one feels, is not so much a case of a minor character's "getting out of scale" as of the novelist's reaching for a kind of significance that is much better left to the reader to infer.

Yet it is precisely because these lapses are so rare in *Smiley's People* and the plot and characterizations generally so strong that it strikes us finally as an achievement well beyond the reach of any other popular novelist writing today, and of most other novelists whose claims to "seriousness" are accepted without challenge by the critics. Given that *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* is even better and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* at least as good, there can be little doubt that the literary establishment will one day accord le Carré the kind of status his legions of devoted readers—I among them—think he truly deserves. □

Niccolo Machiavelli

HOW TO RUN A FILTHY CAMPAIGN

Lorenzo the Magnificent had much to learn.

Besieged by undergraduate demands for a curriculum more relevant to an age of political Stürm und Dreck, *the Carmine DeSapio School of Public Affairs recently endowed a Chair in Pragmatic Campaigning. Chosen to occupy that Chair for the political year ahead was none other than the dean of pragmatic politics himself, Niccolo Machiavelli, who, following a Berlitz crash course in Madison Avenuese, delivered his virgin lecture in a classroom full of attentive Presidential candidates shortly before the primary season got underway. What follows is a transcript of that historic disquisition (copies of which may be obtained through the professor's American agent, Vic Gold).*

Class called to order. You candidates in the back row, knock off the chatter. Save your rumor-mongering for the final week of the campaign when it can do the most damage.

Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-) is a consultant to the Carnegie Council on World Peace. Vic Gold, author of PR as in President, *lives in Washington.*

All right, for the late arrivals: My name is Machiavelli and this is Poli Sci 501, Pragmatic Presidential Politicking, from A to Z, Aaron Burr to the Zimmerman Telegram. Our text, needless to say, is my masterpiece, *The Prince*, revised, annotated, and currently selling for 4,000 lire at your nearest bookstore. You figure out the dollar exchange, I can't keep up with it. That's the unexpurgated edition, by the way, where I get into food poisoning as practiced by the Borgias. A little heavy by 1980 standards, but you never can tell when an outbreak of botulism at an opposition barbecue might come in handy.

Before we begin, though, I want you to take a good look at the friendly candidate seated to your left. Now the smiling candidate seated to your right. A good, hard look, with special attention given the jugular, because if there's one idea I want you to take out of this course, it's that trust is something you set up for your kids after you've made your bundle. Nothing new there, really. It's the same principle I expounded to Lorenzo the Magnificent back in 1512: "Lorenzo," I told him, "politics is one mean frigging business."

Something to that effect. If you want the exact quote, spring for the 4,000 lire.

One more item: If this happens to be your first presidential campaign, let me caution you that 1980 shapes up as one of the dirtiest political years of the century. Positively filthy, and about time. One more dozer like that last race and they'll have to offer door prizes to get voters to the polls. Mr. Purity against Mr. Decency: Carter vs. Ford. And the League of Women Voters actually wonders why the turnout was light! The reason is obvious. It wasn't, as Joe Kraft and other columnar airheads would have you believe, because the electorate was disillusioned by Watergate, Vietnam, and the system. Nothing of the sort. It was just a matter of dull casting and a wretched plot.

Politics in your country, as I perceive it, isn't that much different from politics in 16th-century Florence. We called it pomp and pageantry. You call it show biz. What you're dealing with here is a nation with an insatiable appetite for entertainment. And now that public hanging is considered gauche, and cockfighting passé, and the National Football League has seen fit to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place curbs on the maiming of defenseless quarterbacks, what could be more entertaining than to watch two or more hacks in a gouging contest—First Prize, the White House?

No matter what you were told in high school civics, you see, dirty politics is as native as stale apple pie at an all-night truck stop. It's the element in every campaign that separates the political studs from the geldings, the winners from the also-rans. If, therefore, you're serious about moving your personal belongings to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue come January, give the folks what they want: a show with a hero, you; and a heavy, the miserable SOB sitting next to you.

But enough forensic foreplay. Down to some excerpts from my new edition:

I.
On Avoiding Issues

No sooner than you announce for President, some smart-aleck reporter is certain to inquire how you stand on the Issues. If you've already been foolish enough to fall into that trap, squirm out, and quickly. First things first. The time spent cogitating about foreign policy, the economy, the environment, etc., could be put to better use working out ways to bug the opposition.

My advice, then, is to turn the reporter's questions over to your public opinion augurer. Let him check out the numbers, pro and con, per Issue, and fill in the blanks. If he's worth what you're paying him, your stand on the tough ones should print out something like, "I am four-square for a ***meaningful*** foreign policy, a ***meaningful*** economy, a ***meaningful*** environment, and a ***meaningful*** etc."

That should do it. If the reporters asks what, specifically, you mean by "meaningful," stare him down; then add him to your Dung List.

II.
On Indulging in Personalities

So much for the Issues. If you should be tempted to elaborate on any topic, remember the lesson of Honest Al Smith.

In 1928, Smith, not one to mince words, took a courageous stand against Prohibition and talked himself hoarse, warning that the economy was going to Hell in Andrew Mellon's limousine. Meanwhile, Smith's resourceful opposition was busy spreading the gospel that (a) he was an Irish Catholic rummy, and (b) if he ever won the Presidency, the Pope would dock his U-boat in the Washington marina on Inauguration Day and take up residence in the Lincoln Room.

The final count was: Hoover, 444 electoral votes; Smith, 87. Proving? That on any given Election Day, one good Prejudice can beat two good Issues.

III.
On Knowing Which Prejudice to Exploit

Not that it's as simple today as it was for Honest Al's opposition. Running against Popery was all right 50 years ago, but any candidate who tried that line in 1980 would be laughed out of the gutter. The reason, of course, is that religious prejudice is no big deal in American politics anymore, unless, God be praised, you're fortunate enough to be running against (a) a Hassidic Jew, (b) a Joseph Smith Mormon, (c) a Jehovah's Witness, (d) a Zen Buddhist, (e) a Shiite Muslim, (f) a Moonie, (g) an Avowed Atheist, or (h) a Black Female Catholic.

The fact is, regrettably, that Americans of voting age are more tolerant these days about matters once considered pure poison at the political box office, for example: divorce, separation, and other manifestations of an unhappy home life.

Not long ago blessed matrimony was considered an absolute must for any politician harboring serious ambitions for high national office. If nothing else, he had at least to *look* like a man content to love, honor, and stay bedded with the same woman for life. As recently as 1964, the estimable philanthropist, Nelson Rockefeller, couldn't even buy a primary after he had divorced and then remarried a younger woman. Today, however, with half the voting population either split or paying weekly visits to marriage counselors, divorce, separation, etc. is no great political handicap.

Again, driving a wife to drink might once have been considered something of a liability to a serious candidate. No more. In 1980, chronic alcoholism among political wives has become quite the fashion, to the extent that the condition, once confessed, is viewed by a substantial number of voters as a positive attribute, it having "drawn the candidate's family closer," as talk show hosts are wont to say.

For that matter, old-fashioned adultery is nothing to write anonymous letters-to-the-editor about, given the spirit of the times. In 1978, a candidate for United States Senator in a Midwestern state—a social shaker-and-mover who had already run through two wives—was nailed *in flagrante* with a female friend, the proceedings preserved for posterity by a tape recorder tucked away in the bed springs. In a former era a dirty trick of that magnitude would have been sufficient to drive the recording star into private life. Not by today's standards, however. Not only did the miscreant stay in the race, but he won by a healthy, or as it were perverse, majority.

All of which tells us that in a permissive society, dirty trickery isn't what it used to be. Indeed, there are some screw-ups hardly worth the ink required to print a smear sheet.

IV.
On the Five Big No-no's

But now for the good news. Times may have changed, but there is still a mother lode of political taboos out there in Middle America only waiting to be mined by the candidate ready, willing, and eager to dig up the dirt.

Specifically, the American electorate has always responded and continues to respond well to five kinds of political smear:

1. *Sex*. Taboos in this category have lost some of their cutting edge, but keep in mind that errant fornication is merely one side of the knife. If being *too* interested in women isn't the drawback it once was, being *dis*interested in women—save in certain precincts of San Francisco—still is.

2. *Incapacity*. What this means is that your opponent is physically or mentally unfit for high office. Old age and affliction by an incurable disease are the more obvious forms of physical disability, but planting rumors concerning your opponent's psychiatric history or his suffering from ongoing and unconfessed alcoholism and drug addiction can also be effective, particularly if he has a tendency to stumble, bump his head, garble his syntax, or rub his nose in public.

3. *Corruption*. Your opponent is a crook; he takes bribes; he kites checks; he has links to the Mafia *and* the CIA; J. Edgar Hoover once put him under surveillance; he was involved in the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa; he owns stock in Exxon; he steals Gideon Bibles from Holiday Inns; he turns back the odometer on his rented car

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after regular matinee performances with his best friend's underage daughter. Take it from there.

4. *Ideological Kookiness.* Your opponent is a Communist, a fascist, a proponent of automobile seatbelts, once appeared on a platform with Jane Fonda or William F. Buckley, Jr., or otherwise gives evidence of taking his politics far too seriously to be President of the United States.

5. *Guilt-by-association-or-relation.* Any or all of the above, applied to your opponent's political associates and members of his family. For this category, simply pass the word that his campaign manager has been known to sympathize with hemophiles; that his sister was once a practicing thespian in Manhattan; that his children matriculate; that his brother is a sibling. With or without embellishment, these are all sure winners. After Nixon and Carter, the public will believe anything about a presidential candidate's associates and relatives.

V.
On the Use of Surrogates

But take care: Among the many contradictions within the American electorate—a hangover, no doubt, from your Puritan heritage—is the fact that although voters enjoy dirty politics, they disapprove of dirty politicians. The general rule is: Never say anything mean-spirited about an opponent that a surrogate or front group can say for you.

During the 1976 campaign, for example—it was one of the few entertaining interludes in the Carter-Ford show—Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, a Carter supporter, pointed out that his candidate's chief opponent, Congressman Morris Udall, was a Mormon, and the Mormon church had a history of excluding blacks from its hierarchy. Young, who neglected to add that Udall was on record as opposing his church's racial policy, made his statement to a black audience. Asked afterward whether he approved of Young implying that Udall was a racist, Carter told reporters that he couldn't be expected to put a muzzle on all his supporters. Udall, in the event, lost the Michigan Democratic primary by the length of a bowser's nose.

Before Carter, Nixon preferred employing his vice-presidential running mate in the role of chief surrogate, but the redoubtable Duke of Whittier managed to put extra lather into his after-the-fact handwashing. Whenever Spiro Agnew laid into an administration opponent, as per instruction, Nixon would leak word to the press that he was appalled by his running mate's "excesses."

This technique is variously known as Looking Presidential or Staying Above the Battle. It is particularly useful during the final weeks of a campaign, when the going gets sticky, and two or more surrogates can be dispatched around the country to indulge in "excesses."

When this occurs, the candidate is said to have organized a "Truth Squad."

VI.
On Choosing a Benign Name for Your Front Group

Predictably, "truth" heads the list of buzz-words used by front groups formed for the sole purpose of running television spots and newspaper advertisements that the candidate's official campaign organization does not care to sponsor. "Decency" is another such buzz-word, with "good," "independent," and "citizens" also near the top of the list. Thus, the appearance of any political advertisement credited to, say, "The Independent Citizens Committee for Truth, Decency, and Good Government" is an unconditional guarantee to voters that their best instincts are being appealed to by a high-minded, nonpartisan group of concerned community leaders—regardless of how scurrilous and irresponsible the content of the advertisement may be.

VII.
On Bugging the Opposition

No, not wiretaps. Though Nixon's best and brightest failed to grasp the principle, the telephone is never used to discuss serious campaign business in American politics. That, after all, is the whole point of maintaining smoke-filled rooms. As for the idea of electronic eavesdropping on someone's smoke-filled room, why go to the trouble of breaking the law when the ancient, dishonorable practice of planting informers within the enemy camp can produce the same information at roughly half the cost?

By opposition-bugging, I refer then, specifically, to disrupting an opponent's campaign by driving him and his staff to distraction. Hecklers and egg-throwers at opposition rallies reflect this technique in its cruder form, but there are subtler means toward the same end. Richard Tuck, for example, the much-vaunted Democratic expert in the field, has built a political career out of clever little tricks, such as directing a Nixon whistlestop train engineer to start rolling while the candidate was still in mid-speech.

But for all his media reputation, Tuck is a mere novice in the art of bugging campaigns when compared to the fun-loving trickster whose idea of making democracy work as an entertainment form in 1980 is to:

1. Print up flyers for Bible Belt distribution, inviting voters to a Linda Ronstadt rock concert on the White House lawn on Inauguration Day if Jerry Brown is elected.

2. Dress out two dozen unemployed actresses as milkmaids to solicit contributions outside all John Connally rallies.

3. Organize a Committee to Help Advance Peace, Progress And Quicken the Universal Instinct for Democracy by Dumping the Incompetent Carter for Kennedy. If the name is too long, try the acronym.

4. Retain a free-lance reporter to accompany Billy Carter, taping his replies to questions about Libya, his brother, his mother, his sisters, how the Eastern media urinated on his friend Bert Lance, the global demographics of Jews and Arabs, and anything else he might have on his chest.

5. Form a three-piece minstrel band to greet Ronald Reagan at airport stops, playing "Old Folks At Home" as he deplanes.

6. Finally, if all else fails, get to the caterer making up the menu for the next fund-raising barbecue for any of the above. Specifically, recommend an old-fashioned Florentine recipe for hot sauce, one sure to lay an audience in the aisles. If you want additional details, I'll tell you the same thing I told Lorenzo the Magnificent: "Lorenzo," I said, "that will cost you 4,000 lire." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Nollson

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

We have a friend who lives in Vermont who writes: "When we came up here, we opted for the northernmost part of the state, tucked up beneath Canada, hoping that the great mass of travelers would give out before reaching our environs. The shortage of snow this year has sent the winter sports enthusiasts a bit further north in search of the powdery white stuff. We have had to get used to a bit more activity in these parts, and the more than occasional automobile that now passes by our farm. Even so, we were a bit unprepared for the recent increase in traffic, especially the olive-drab vehicles which have been seen here with increasing frequency.

"We are not much for snowmobiling—hate it, in fact—and we were inclined to look the other way when the green things first came by. A little bit larger than what we had seen before, most of them with metal treads, and the highway has now become pock-marked. Alvin Broxtree, an older farmer who has been living at the adjoining farm for more than 60 years, says they look like tanks. His wife, noting the red star which adorns them, has gone so far as to suggest they are Russian tanks.

"Just yesterday, one of the things seemed to have been stalled on the road, and Emma imagined that we might as well find out whether we were in for a new craze in winter sports. She suggested that I trudge out to the vehicle and invite the crew in for a cup of hot chocolate or a bowl of soup. I rapped a bit on the turret and finally an engaging young man appeared. 'If you're as cold as I am,' I said, 'you could do with a hot drink. It's not a quarter of a mile to the house.'

"The fellow disappeared inside the vehicle and I could hear a bit of jabbering. Finally, four fellows climbed out. The leader—I guess he was their commander—explained in rather heavily accented English that their tank had indeed broken down and that it was more than a little chilly out on the highway. I told him I'd be happy to ring Hammerville Exxon, where Joe Hammerville displayed the Triple-A good service award he had won annually for the past 31 years. 'I am sure Joe will get you rolling again,' I said.

"By the time we had reached the farmhouse, Emma had the tea kettle whistling away. I apologized for being out of Constant Comment, though our visitors were happy to receive a steaming cup of Droste's cocoa. We began to talk.

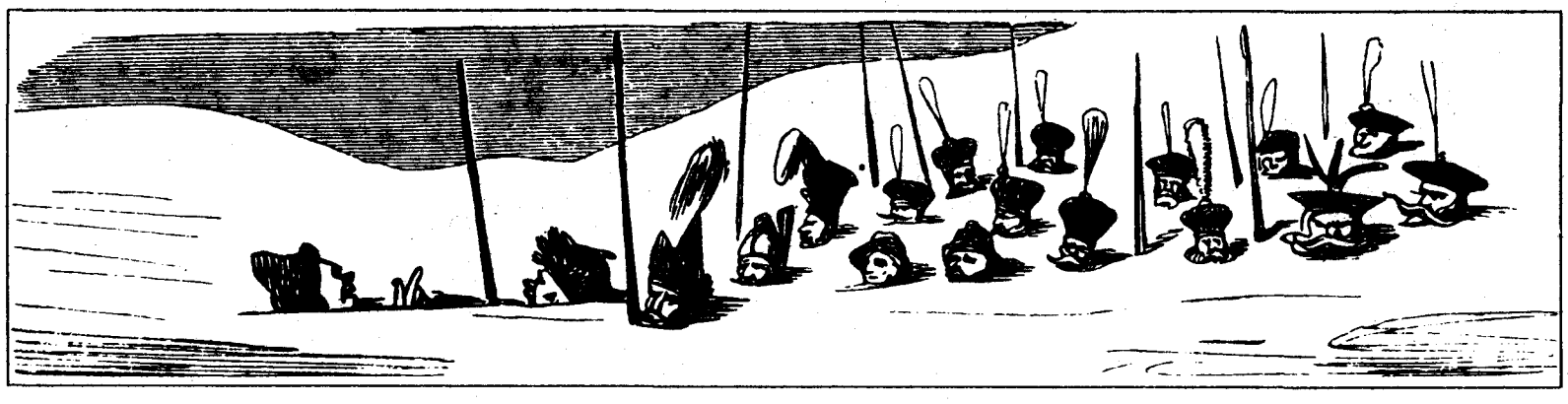
"The commander, who turns out to be a Captain in one of the Soviet armor divisions, had never expected to find a cup of hot Dutch chocolate waiting for him in the Vermont hills. 'I used to be assigned to one of the units in East Germany,' he explained, 'and the only time I ever really thought I'd ever taste this wonderful cocoa is when we rolled into Amsterdam and could have the real thing. But our political people did say that the local population would almost certainly be friendly in these parts. They've been waiting quite some time for their liberation from fascist oppression. I'm glad to see that not everyone believes the nasty propaganda about us.'

"I had to admit that Vermont tended to be a Republican state, though we elected a Democrat every once in a while. Like many of those who had moved up here from the City, I had playfully referred to some of our Republican friends as the local fascisti, but I assured the Captain that it really wasn't the same thing. The train up from Montpelier, for example, never ran on time.

"It turns out that the Captain isn't a Russian at all, not by nationality at least. He's a citizen of the Soviet Armenian Republic, though he assured us that he speaks Russian flawlessly. I told him that I wished Edmund Wilson were still around to chat with him, but that we would have to make do with Yankee English for the time being. The Captain is a handsome man in that Central Asian way, but tall for an Armenian. He told us that, before the great Revolution, his family had been dealers in carpets, and that he still had a feel for a well-woven rug. He said he envied those among his colleagues who had an opportunity to pick up a few of the genuine articles in the bazaar at Kabul. He hoped that he would be able to make it into Iran some day, if for no other reason than that, as a result of the upheavals there, the export of Persian rugs had been disrupted, and prices had soared sky high as a consequence. Emma asked the Captain whether he would have time to examine the Isfahan that had sat on our living room floor for a number of years. He was kind enough to do so, and it took him no more than a minute to pronounce our once-valued floor covering a fake. 'But I won't tell a soul,' he said with a wink.

"By this time, Emma had cracked open a bag of Pepperidge Farm oatmeal cookies, which both the Captain and his crew appreciated. Emma asked how it was that a group of such pleasant young men found themselves so far from home.

" 'We go where we're sent,' said the Captain, 'and this is better duty than we usually draw. My handbook says we don't have to look out for Muslims and other kinds of fanatics. Most of the time, we can drive along with the turret open to see a bit of the scenery, fill our lungs with fresh



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountain air, and even enjoy a cigarette without fouling the interior of our tank. That's a real advantage to operating in North America. My driver here speaks passable French, so when we got separated from our column somewhere in Quebec, we had no problem being pointed in the right direction.'

"Emma reminded me that the Russians we had met in Vermont, and there were a small number of them in fact, seemed like friendly people. Emma's the kind of woman who'll make a special effort to make newcomers feel welcome. She told the Captain that there was a terribly sweet Russian fellow who had come to Vermont not so long ago, a writer by profession. She couldn't think of his name but I assumed that she must have been referring to Al Solzhenitsyn, the bearded novelist who had created all the fuss back in 1975. 'To look at him you would never imagine that anyone could get all worked up over him,' Emma said. At this point the Russians began to engage in animated conversation among themselves. The Captain explained that we were referring to a counter-revolutionary propagandist. 'There must be fascists around here if the likes of Solzhenitsyn are allowed to live in this vicinity,' the Captain said. Emma said that if people wanted to get excited over a harmless crank, there was nothing much sensible folks could do about it.

"The grandfather clock I had inherited from my great-uncle Nathan chimed three o'clock, reminding the Captain that it was time to go. We returned to the highway to find the service truck from Hammerville Exxon. The serviceman had gotten the tank restarted, and the fuel-efficient diesel —the Captain said that all tanks were powered by diesel—purred like a kitten.

" 'Where you bound?' asked the serviceman laconically.

" 'We're supposed to rendezvous with our group in Manhattan,' said the Captain, 'but I guess we'll be late.' He withdrew a large map from his pocket and unfolded it. 'Let me see,' he said, 'we can follow the interstate down to Westchester, turn off onto the Parkway, and come right down into Manhattan via the Triborough bridge from the Bronx. I guess we'll take 96th Street over to the West Side and then we'll be down to West 43rd. I think we'll bivouac in a place called the Algonquin.'

"I suppose they're on their way and I realized that they will be staying not so far from your offices, so I just wanted to alert you. I hope they'll take my suggestion and drop by. Just remember to keep the kettle going." □

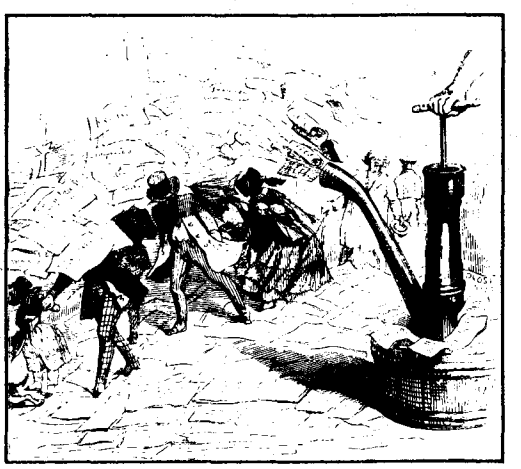
Michael Ledeen

PRESSWATCH

On Afghanistan, the American press performed with its usual superficiality and love of "lesson" at the expense of information.

This month's award for runaway prose is divided between the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* and the *Baltimore Sun*. The *Herald Examiner* gets its 50 percent of the glory for its coverage of the Rose Bowl game between Ohio State and Southern California. The game was won by a single point, 17-16, "in a game," according to the *Herald Examiner*, "closer than the score indicated." The East Coast winner is Douglas Watson of the *Sun*, who concluded an article on American press coverage of Teheran prior to the expulsion order early in January by saying "If Iran had been covered half as well by the American press during the decades of the shah's modernizing but arrogant, friendly but cruel and corrupt rule, Americans might have understood better how to avoid the disaster that has occurred there." This after noting that American journalists knew virtually nothing about the condition or location of the American hostages, had had virtually no interviews with leading Iranians, and had failed to follow up on an invitation from then-Foreign Minister Abol Hassan Bani-Sadr to "hold a one-day seminar with American journalists to tell them how to [change American thinking]." According to Watson, not a single journalist accepted the offer. If someone had elected to attend the "seminar," we might today be spared headlines proclaiming Mr. Bani-Sadr a "moderate."

Which major columnist has been toughest on Jimmy Carter's weak foreign policy? You might think Bill Safire, George Will, or Joe Kraft. But the correct answer, at least in the Iranian-Afghanistan phase of the Carter debacle, is Jack Anderson. On January 7, Anderson wrote in the *Washington Post* that, "in contrast with Soviet boldness in Afghanistan, Ayatollah Khomeini has said tauntingly that Carter lacks 'the guts' to take military action against Iran." (Jack Anderson: Do you really think that Khomeini's first name is "Ayatollah"?) Week after week, Anderson has attacked the President for inviting Soviet aggression against Afghanistan, ignoring intelligence reports warning about the Russian buildup, and sending signals of such ostentatious weakness that the Kremlin could hardly resist the temptation to invade.



Even so, Anderson's old, bad habits die hard. On January 10, in a performance right out of the fifties (when types ranging from Joe McCarthy to Drew Pearson—Anderson's mentor—and Walter Winchell breathlessly announced they had come into some secret documents that finally exposed "the real story"), Anderson purported to relate the essential themes of a "secret analysis" of how Carter's refusal to respond to previous Soviet initiatives was responsible for "precipitating the Soviet intervention" itself. Who were the authors of this modern philosophers' stone? According to Anderson, "these conclusions are not the wild guesses of eggheads who suck them out of their thumbs. They have access to elaborate intelligence detailing what goes on inside the Kremlin. The conversations of Kremlin

---

Michael Ledeen is Executive Editor of the Washington Quarterly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

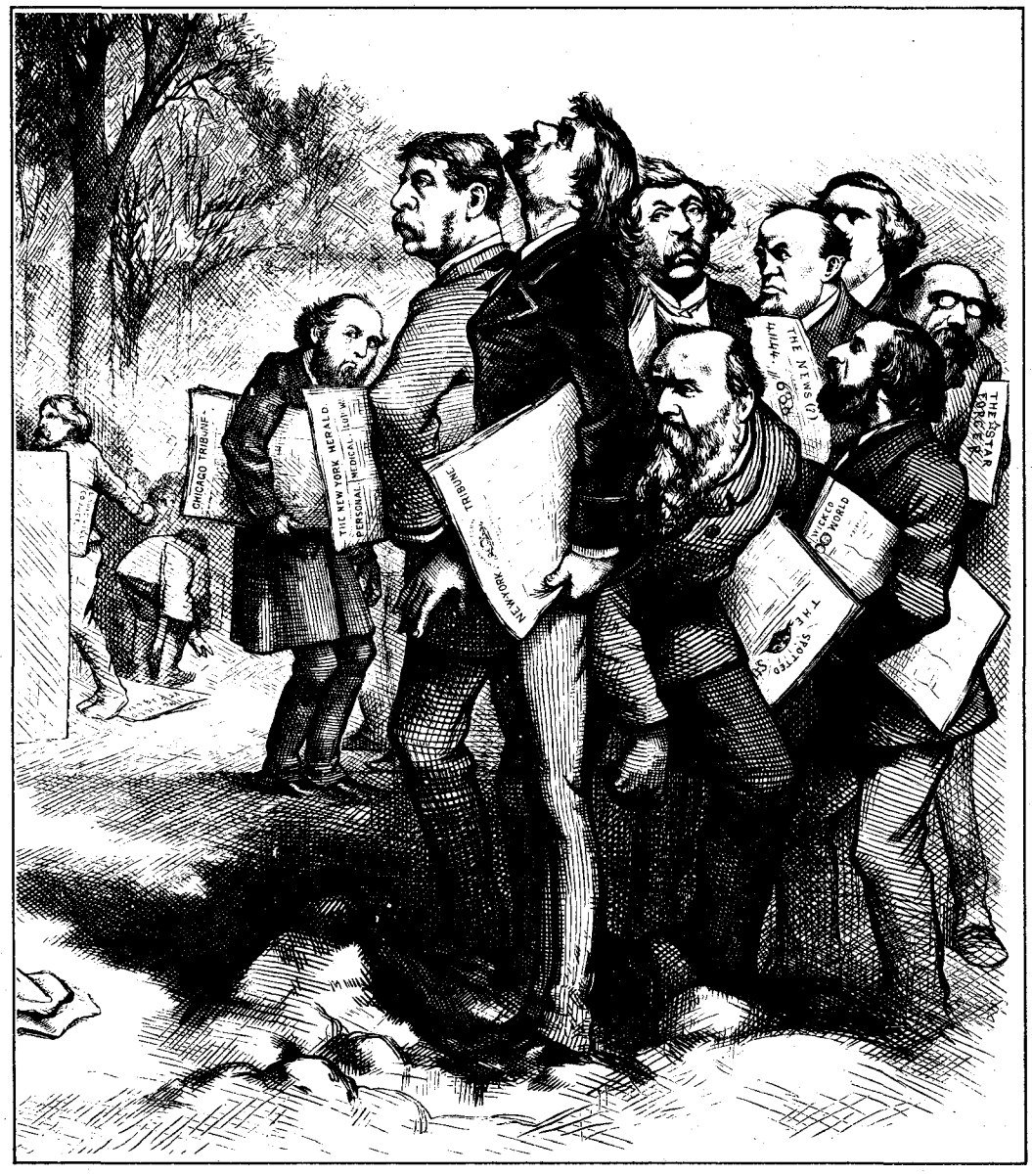
leaders have been intercepted, and their personalities have been closely analyzed. 'I know Leonid Brezhnev better than I know my own father,' one analyst told me."

There was no need for anyone to intercept conversations between Soviet leaders in order to realize that Carter's policies were inviting disaster. That relatively obvious insight had been all over the world press for years. Indeed, the only really interesting element in the Anderson column is the source of the comments. Is there anyone in our government who knows Leonid Brezhnev so well as to consider him a member of the family? I suggest there are only two serious possibilities. First, that the source is Jimmy Carter himself, who embraced the Soviet tyrant with filial affection in Vienna (this hypothesis is supported by Teddy Kennedy's apparently witless remark that foreign policy should not be based on "unrequited love"), or, alternatively, that Jack Anderson has gotten his hands on some KGB files. For only the KGB can reasonably be expected to have tapped the lines of Kremlin leaders, and to have understood the motives for Soviet foreign policy with almost perfect accuracy.

In the matter of Afghanistan, the American press has performed with its usual superficiality and love of "lesson" at the expense of information. One might have expected our pressmen to have shown at least some interest in the military details of the enormously complex operation that brought nearly 100,000 Soviet troops into Afghanistan. If you had read the European press, you would have found all sorts of useful information, from the width of the road hastily constructed by the Soviets for resupply of their troops to the comportment of Soviet soldiers, and finally to the impressive way the Russians not only established military control over Afghanistan but also installed their marionettes in all offices of the ministries. But to judge from our journalists' reports, it was a simple matter for the Russians to march in, take over, kill their enemies, and get on with the business of moving the Iron Curtain to the borders of Iran, Pakistan, and China. The journalists themselves were then able to get on with what they took to be the "real" story: "What did it mean?"

Yet one really would like to know something about "what happened," and the story was lying there, available for plucking, as Mr. Roland Tyrrell of the *Los Angeles Times* demonstrated on January 10. He wrote that the invasion of Afghanistan was accomplished with such consummate ease because the Russians conducted "a carefully planned combination of deception, surprise and brute force." The most dramatic ingredient of this campaign came a few days before the December 27 coup: "Soviet advisers effectively disarmed two key armored Afghan divisions days before... by persuading officers to turn over their ammunition for inventory and their tank batteries for winterizing, Western diplomatic sources said Wednesday." And so we learn, according to a "Western diplomat" in Kabul, that the coup could have been deterred by Afghan forces if the Soviet ruse had not succeeded, because "the Afghan armor in the town easily outgunned what the Soviets brought in.... the crucial factor was surprise. Nobody in Kabul was expecting this." And the analysis is confirmed by useful details: Afghan soldiers did not resist when the Soviet airlift took place, for the simple reason that they thought the Russians were coming to reinforce them. Afghan soldiers were leisurely standing around by their tanks when the Russians landed, and the hapless Afghans were gunned down without warning.

Are there still awards for real journalism? If so, one ought to go to Mr. Roland Tyrrell for this contribution to our understanding of Soviet methods. And his article ought to be required reading in the White House and the Pentagon (I exempt the State Department for two reasons: First, they don't read; second, they wouldn't listen). Of course, Mr. Tyrrell may be in some danger from some of his friends in the media. Just suppose, for example, that one of his sources for this story turned out to be a member of the notorious Agency. Then, the victim of a frenzy of moralism, Tyrrell might find himself disgraced for accepting a story from a "spy."



There is another big story that nobody noticed in the United States, even though it was on the front pages of virtually every major newspaper in the Western world for several weeks, in one form or another. The headline could have read: "Italy saves NATO." Certainly it deserved some notice, even if a sardonic editor had chosen to treat it as a "man bites dog" story (militarily inept Italy bails out hobnailed Germans and Americans, etc.). It all happened like this: Last fall, the United States had proposed a program of modernizing NATO's theater nuclear forces (TNF) by manufacturing and deploying hundreds of cruise missiles and Pershing-2 missiles in Western Europe. The Americans (and most Western military analysts) believed this was necessary to offset the massive Soviet buildup in this and other areas. The West Germans were willing to accept these missiles on their territory, provided that at least one other continental European country do the same. Thus, the British OK was not sufficient. France did not count, as that country pretends not to be part of the NATO alliance, and countries like Belgium

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the Netherlands were not willing to be "out front" on such a potentially explosive domestic political issue. There was considerable danger that the German conditions would not be met, thus plunging NATO into a serious crisis. It was at this point that the Italian Council of Ministers, under the stewardship of Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga, quietly voted to accept the missiles on Italian soil.

The response from the Soviet Union was about what you might expect. *Tass* and *Pravda* thundered warnings of nuclear holocaust and domestic political unrest. The local Communist Party denounced the decision. Other "progressives" lamented the move and threatened to bring down the coalition. But the government held firm, and in the end won a parliamentary vote in December. The German conditions met, NATO voted to enact the TNF modernization program. Words of high praise were heard at the White House. At the State Department, Secretary Vance sang the praises of the Cossiga government (just as Henry Kissinger had last autumn, after visiting the Prime Minister—and the Pope). But the working press didn't notice.

The journalists who follow such matters had a second chance in January, when Cossiga made a routine visit to Washington for a couple of days. The press was fully briefed. There was a breakfast at Blair House with the Prime Minister for the top reporters, but the subject there was whether Italy would support the boycott of the Olympic Games. Still nothing appeared. So far as I know, the only thing to appear in print on the subject of "Italy and TNF" has been an editorial in the *New York Times* in November about SALT, in which it was argued that weak governments like Italy's could hardly be expected to accept TNF modernization until the Senate ratified SALT. No one knew that Italy had already accepted TNF modernization, SALT or no SALT.

Finally, there is the question of American intelligence and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Did we know it was going to happen? Evidently the Afghans did not, and one might readily conclude that our government was no better off, for the press briefings from the State Department constantly played down the dimensions of the invasion. Indeed, it seems that the makers and shakers of our foreign policy were amazed by the dimensions of the Soviet assault, even from one day to the next after the initial *blitzkrieg*. Yet, according to nearly a dozen intelligence experts and other top officials I spoke to, the President had received clear warnings of Soviet intentions to move massively into Afghanistan as early as last July. For once, our advance warning was excellent, and the military experts who had followed the intelligence all along were not at all surprised by the events of late December and early January. And while the nature of the information is classified, the fact that it existed is certainly not.

So, here again, one might have expected somebody to notice that while the President was warned, his experts apparently did not believe the warnings. Instead of hearing this, however, we were treated to a bizarre briefing from Mr. Marshall Shulman, Secretary Vance's expert on Soviet matters, who, according to Graham Hovey of the *New York Times*, writing on January 15, announced that "the Soviet leadership had badly miscalculated both the difficulties of the military operation in Afghanistan and the reaction it would provoke in the United States and much of the world." Don Oberdorfer of the *Washington Post* also sat at the fount of Shulman's wisdom, quoting him as believing that "the Soviet Union's decision... was a historic miscalculation likely to bring additional shifts in Kremlin policy in the months to come." What sort of shifts? "An old-style agitprop peace offensive."

In these cases, it is sometimes hard to identify cause and effect, but it seems that Shulman was himself briefed by the editorial board of the *New York Times*, a group of people responsible for the remarkable claim that the Soviet invasion put the Russians into a "quagmire." "It will be Soviet bombs versus tribal muskets," we were told, "in a terrain that favors guerrillas." This was probably what Shulman meant by "historic miscalculation." Thus, the serious question—why didn't we believe the intelligence reports—is cancelled by the great circle route: *Times* to Shulman to *Times*, the modern double play. Except the man on third base—the Red Army in this case—scored the winning run in the meantime. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES
Nikolai V. Sivachev and Nikolai N. Yakovlev
University of Chicago Press / $12.95

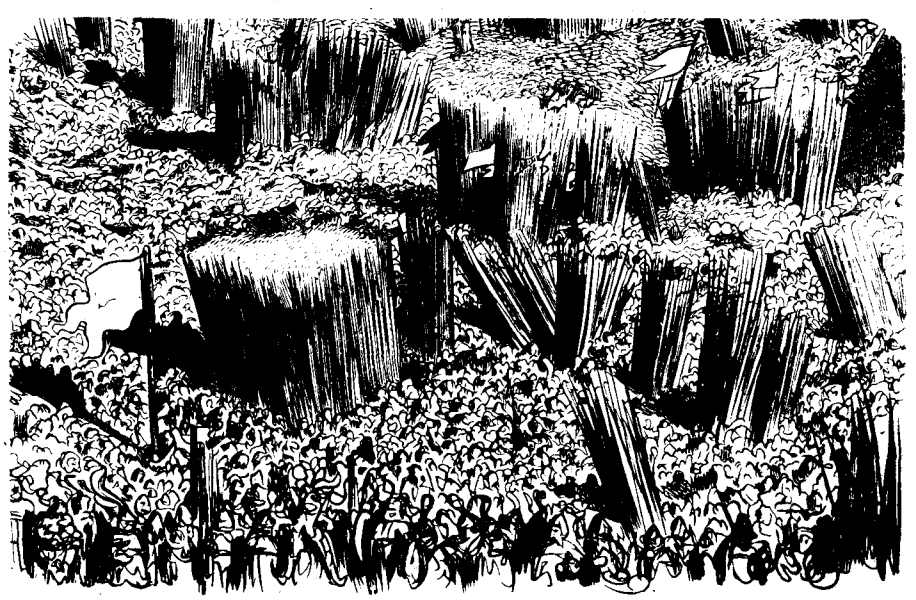
RUSSIA'S ROAD TO THE COLD WAR: DIPLOMACY, WARFARE, AND THE POLITICS OF COMMUNISM, 1941-1945
Vojtech Mastny / Columbia University Press / $16.95

John Lewis Gaddis

Sometime later this year a committee of Soviet and American historians will complete work on a project, long underway, to publish the significant documents on relations between their two countries to be found in *both* American and Russian archives. One might expect such an enterprise to evoke keen enthusiasm from scholars in this country, who have long bewailed the inaccessibility of Russian historical materials. And possibly it would have, were it not for the fact that the collection is to cover only the period up to 1815. Documents beyond that date the Russians consider too sensitive to expose to Western eyes (though some more recent materials have been made available to individual researchers on a selective basis). Moscow's cautious approach to scholarly inquiry is, of course, far removed from the rapidity with which this country makes its most secret documents available to all comers, whether through systematic declassification, Freedom of Information Act appeals, weighty memoirs by currently unemployed eminences, or other less formal procedures facilitated by the advent of the office Xerox machine and the appetite for its extrusions manifested by the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The result, for students of Russian-American relations, is an annoying asymmetry: Soviet scholars can find out, if they want to, what went on inside the U.S. government at almost any point; we know little or nothing about what went on inside theirs.

We have had to resort, accordingly, to two alternatives: Scrutinizing the voluminous but ponderous writings of Soviet scholars who have had limited access to archival sources, but who write under obvious official constraints; or relying on the more spacious but admittedly speculative judgments of academic Kremlinology, based precariously on such shreds of evidence as do, from time to time, leak out. Both methods have their shortcomings; neither is likely soon to unravel Churchill's "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." But until the Russians open their archives on a non-selective basis, or pass their own version of the Freedom of Information Act, they will have to do.

American readers rarely get opportunities to sample the first approach, since Soviet scholarly writings do not often appear in translation and Americans do not often learn Russian. The University of Chicago Press has helped to remedy that deficiency, though, by commissioning a history of Russian-American relations written especially for American audiences by two Soviet scholars, Nikolai Sivachev and Nikolai Yakovlev. Their joint effort, *Russia and the United States,* reveals no startling secrets—the book cites little if any material that has not been published elsewhere. But Sivachev and Yakovlev do make an effort to synthesize contemporary Soviet scholarship on relations with the United States, and it is here that the book's value lies. It provides evidence, simultaneously, of increasing sophistication in American studies inside the Soviet Union, and of the egregious shortcomings that still remain.



First, the encouraging signs. Sivachev and Yakovlev share the view, now held by most American specialists on the subject, that relations between the United States and tsarist Russia until the 1880s were surprisingly cordial, though their explanation of the phenomenon is somewhat different from that of their American counterparts: "Republican America and monarchist Russia were both exploitive class societies based on private property, and were thus fully able to get along with each other." Nor is there much disagreement about what ended this comfortable relationship: the growth late in the nineteenth century of American concern about Russian Jews and dissidents, and a Russian-American competition for influence in Manchuria and North China. Even on the delicate subject of the Bolshevik Revolution and the subsequent Allied intervention, one finds fewer differences than one might expect: Sivachev and Yakovlev admit, for example, that the United States was not the primary leader of the intervention, and that Woodrow Wilson was not exclusively preoccupied with throttling Bolshevism in authorizing it.

The authors mercifully depart from the usual Soviet practice of referring to "unpersons" only by their titles: Trotsky and Khrushchev are discussed by name, if only briefly (they each get a single page reference in the index, as compared to seven for Brezhnev, 18 for Lenin, and, interestingly, 25 for Stalin). There are occasional admissions of misperception and short-sightedness on the part of Soviet officials: One diplomat predicted that the Democrats would nominate Senator Borah for President in 1924; Stalin probably pushed too hard in seeking Roosevelt's cooperation against the aggressors in the 1930s; both leaders were surprised by their adversaries in 1941. There is an acknowledgement that American Lend Lease was "a definite help to the Soviet people" during World War II, and the treatment of Roosevelt is ambivalent, reflecting trends in recent American scholarship suggesting that FDR was both craftier and more cold-blooded in dealing with the Russians than was once thought. There is even the flat statement that "in 1950 the war in Korea broke out," a definite improvement over the standard official history of Soviet foreign policy, which has it that "on June 25, 1950 South Korean troops began the aggression against the Korean People's Democratic Republic conceived by the USA."

There is also, remarkably enough, humor. Samuel Harper, an early American expert on Russia, is quoted on his abortive attempts to achieve rapport with Petrograd revolutionaries by showing them pictures of the American incendiary, George Washington: "prosperous looking gentleman," they scoffed, with professional disdain. Asked what she missed most about Russia and liked best in America, a wealthy Russian exile lady replied, respectively, "servants" and "equality." The authors even detect hitherto unsuspected glimmers of wit in Joseph Stalin, who in 1932 responded to rumors of his demise with a quip they think worthy of Mark Twain: "This is not the first time that false rumors that I am ill are circulating in the bourgeois

---

John Lewis Gaddis teaches history at Ohio University, and is the author of Russia, the Soviet Union, and the United States: An Interpretive History.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOTER BEWARE!

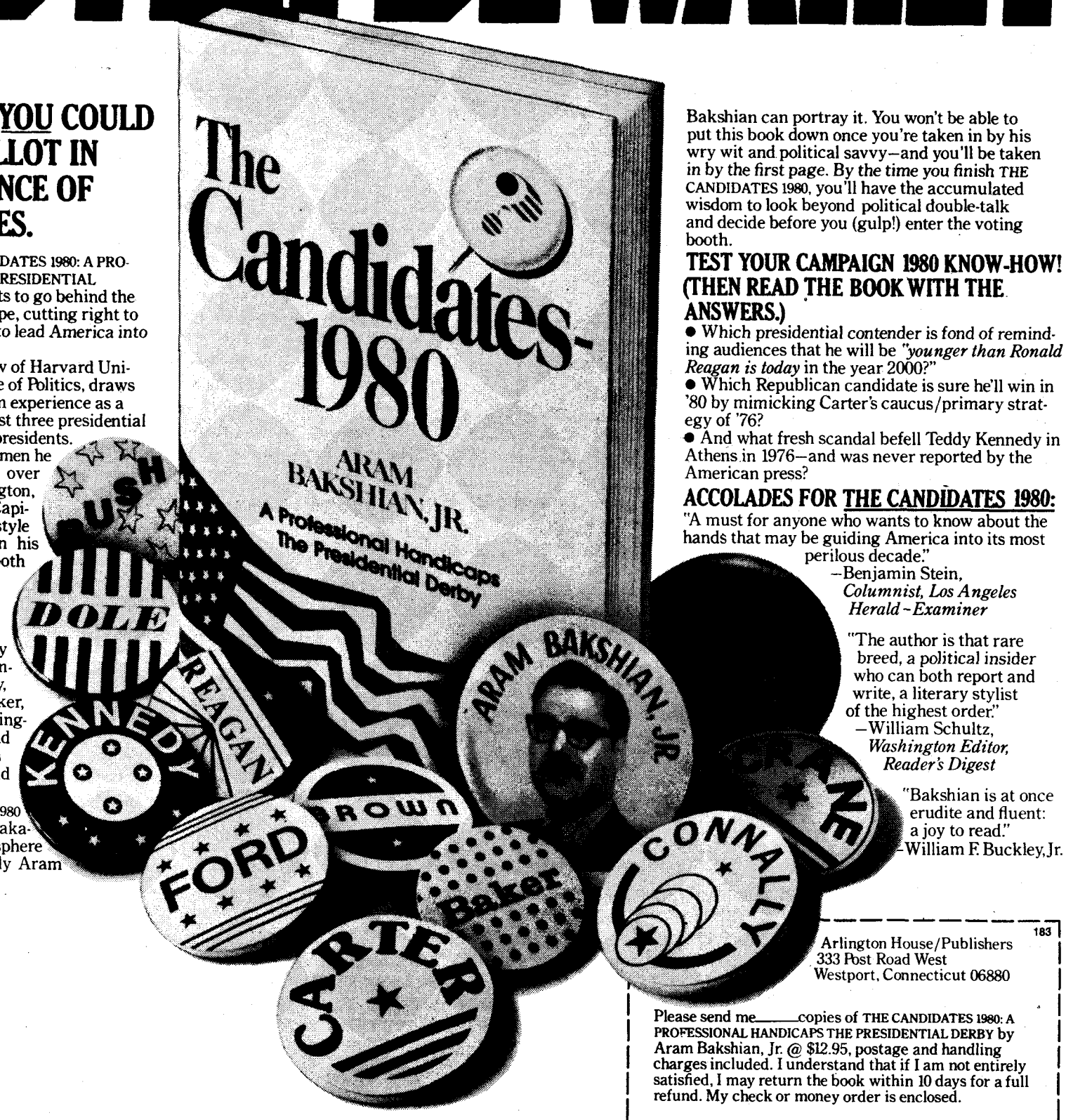
IN NOVEMBER, YOU COULD CAST YOUR BALLOT IN TOTAL IGNORANCE OF THE REAL ISSUES.

Get smart. Get THE CANDIDATES 1980: A PROFESSIONAL HANDICAPS THE PRESIDENTIAL DERBY, the book with the guts to go behind the flash and dazzle of media hype, cutting right to the hearts of the men vying to lead America into the 80s.

Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fellow of Harvard University's prestigious Institute of Politics, draws his uncanny predictions from experience as a professional insider in the last three presidential races and as an aide to two presidents. THE CANDIDATES 1980 are all men he has known or worked with over the past 14 years in Washington, at the White House and on Capitol Hill. Bakshian's lucid style and biting humor have won his articles a wide following in both American and overseas publications.

All declared contenders get the "Bakshian treatment:" Jimmy Carter, Teddy Kennedy, Jerry Brown, Ronald Reagan, John Connally, George Bush, Howard Baker, and assorted longshots. Waiting-in-the-wings candidates and a whole raft of Veepstakes hopefuls get their assets and liabilities tallied up, too.

To read THE CANDIDATES 1980 is to be treated to the unmistakably American carnival atmosphere of the campaign trail as only Aram Bakshian can portray it. You won't be able to put this book down once you're taken in by his wry wit and political savvy—and you'll be taken in by the first page. By the time you finish THE CANDIDATES 1980, you'll have the accumulated wisdom to look beyond political double-talk and decide before you (gulp!) enter the voting booth.



TEST YOUR CAMPAIGN 1980 KNOW-HOW! (THEN READ THE BOOK WITH THE ANSWERS.)

- Which presidential contender is fond of reminding audiences that he will be *"younger than Ronald Reagan is today* in the year 2000?"
- Which Republican candidate is sure he'll win in '80 by mimicking Carter's caucus/primary strategy of '76?
- And what fresh scandal befell Teddy Kennedy in Athens in 1976—and was never reported by the American press?

ACCOLADES FOR THE CANDIDATES 1980:

"A must for anyone who wants to know about the hands that may be guiding America into its most perilous decade."
—Benjamin Stein,
Columnist, Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

"The author is that rare breed, a political insider who can both report and write, a literary stylist of the highest order."
—William Schultz,
Washington Editor, Reader's Digest

"Bakshian is at once erudite and fluent: a joy to read."
—William F. Buckley, Jr.

183

Arlington House/Publishers
333 Post Road West
Westport, Connecticut 06880

Please send me_____copies of THE CANDIDATES 1980: A PROFESSIONAL HANDICAPS THE PRESIDENTIAL DERBY by Aram Bakshian, Jr. @ $12.95, postage and handling charges included. I understand that if I am not entirely satisfied, I may return the book within 10 days for a full refund. My check or money order is enclosed.

NAME_____
(please print or type)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press. Obviously there are people to whose interest it is that I should fall ill seriously and for a long time, if not worse. Perhaps it is not very tactful of me, but unfortunately I have no data capable of gratifying these gentlemen." Pithy it was not, but then the autocrat was never very tolerant of editors.

Other aspects of the Sivachev-Yakovlev account, however, show the gulf that still remains between Soviet and Western scholarship. Few experts outside the Soviet Union will accept the authors' repeated insistence that Lenin at no point attempted to export revolution—that unfortunate idea, they maintain, was all Trotsky's. American students of the New Deal will find startling the assertion that FDR between 1933 and 1939 was operating a complex scheme to use Russia as a counterweight to both Germany and Japan, thus making possible the luxury of American isolationism. Nor will Western historians easily endorse the view that Soviet troops marched into Poland in September 1939 to "protect the lives and property" of the populations there. In a wholly gratuitous slur upon the memory of Andrei Vyshinsky, the authors claim that Soviet representatives at the United Nations during the early Cold War years acted "with the utmost patience," explaining "literally as one would do with children or with hysterical unbelievers... that the USSR regarded peaceful coexistence as of paramount importance." When a "counterrevolutionary revolt broke out in Hungary" in 1956, "the Soviet Union came to the assistance of the Hungarian people and helped them to hold out against the attempted takeover." Soviet efforts for peace during the Cuban Missile Crisis were "crowned with success." Events in Czechoslovakia in 1968 are not even mentioned.

The most striking aspect of the book, though, is what it reveals about the preoccupations and anxieties of the current Kremlin leadership, which presumably passed on the "correctness" of the arguments advanced therein. The authors have nothing good to say, for example, of the first George Kennan, whose exposures of the Siberian exile system almost singlehandedly discredited the tsarist regime in the eyes of the West: "To criticize prisons is a safe cause," they sniff; Kennan was only the first of a succession of meddlers, "including the 'crusaders' of 1918-20 and the present-day supporters of the 'dissidents.'" There is a persistent note of exasperation with the unpredictabilities of American domestic politics: Congress, the courts, and the administration are supposed to form a "unified national system," the authors point out with frustration; what the Soviet Union wants is "to conduct business responsibly, proceeding on the assumption that the other side's representative is also empowered to negotiate and is serious about doing so." There are frequent attributions to American statesmen of vague but sinister "balance of power" machinations against the USSR—no naive legalistic moralism here. And the authors go out of their way to assure their readers that "the recently activated 'crusades'" on behalf of "human rights" constitute no "appreciable danger to the socialist principles of the Soviet Union. Not at all!" Even practitioners of "historico-materialistic methodology" feel the occasional urge, it seems, to whistle in the dark.

Sivachev amd Yakovlev seem oddly unaware that American revisionism on the origins of the Cold War, of which they predictably approve, has not been much heard from in recent years. No serious American scholar still believes, as they do, that Truman dropped atomic bombs on Japan primarily to frighten the Russians, or, as the revisionists used to claim, that Washington's concern over Eastern Europe grew out of the interests there of ITT, Socony-Vacuum, or Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Few historians these days see the United States as having proceeded, with single-minded consistency and determination, to impose a *pax Americana* upon the post-war world; Washington officials are acknowledged to have been at times confused, ill-informed, indecisive, powerless—in short, human. Revisionism now directs its attention at other targets, notably Dwight Eisenhower (whose reputation has benefited from the process) and John Kennedy and Henry Kissinger (whose reputations have not). Richard Nixon's turn cannot be delayed much longer, and there is nowhere to go but up.

One weakness of Cold War revisionism was always its one-sided nature. None of the major revisionists were Soviet specialists; none had either the expertise or the linguistic skills to undertake any serious analysis of Soviet responsibility for the Cold War. It was easier simply to blame the United States, which with singular ill-timing made the archival record of its early postwar diplomacy available just as outrage over Vietnam was reaching its height. Kremlinologists in this country and in Western Europe did occasionally object to this procedure, but without paying sufficient attention to the American sources the revisionists had relied on, so that a dialogue never really developed. Vojtech Mastny is the first historian to combine familiarity with American (and British) archives together with the linguistic and analytical ability to draw fully upon the limited Soviet and East European sources to which we do have access. *Russia's Road to the Cold War* is a full-scale reassessment of Moscow's role in bringing on that conflict, and it is an impressive performance indeed.

Mastny's argument will give comfort neither to rigidly revisionist nor rigidly orthodox interpreters of the Cold War. He agrees with the revisionists in stressing the primacy of security over ideological goals in Stalin's mind. The Soviet dictator consistently subordinated the interests of the international proletarian revolution to those of the Soviet state, as he perceived them. This was not always as simple a task as it might appear: Communists outside the USSR did not mechanically follow Moscow's orders; even the Lublin Poles, indebted to Stalin for their very existence, gave him trouble from time to time. The Soviet leader had no precise blueprint for military operations at the beginning of the war: He considered halting the Red Army at his own borders after driving out the Germans; he at one point supported Churchill's plan for Anglo-American military operations in the Balkans; he postponed, early in 1945, the capture of Berlin in order not to get there too far ahead of his allies, only to have to scramble at the last moment to prevent Eisenhower's troops from getting there first. Stalin's postwar plans were equally vague: He wanted security primarily, but like FDR tended to defer giving sustained thought to the measures necessary to attain it.

Mastny leans toward orthodox historiography, though, in stressing Stalin's brooding suspicion of his allies, his cynical opportunism, his preference for power over persuasion in seeking to achieve his aims. The Soviet leader, we learn, made several half-hearted attempts to negotiate a separate peace with Germany, including one with Hitler's successor, Admiral Karl Doenitz, just days before the German surrender. At the same time, he harbored the most baleful suspicions that Churchill and Roosevelt might be up to the same thing, and, indeed, accused them of

SUBSCRIBE TO THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR TODAY

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter a ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription to The American Spectator for:

☐ 12 issues for $12
☐ Best offer: 36 issues for only $30
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

PLEASE PRINT

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Canadian and foreign subscribers, please add $2 per year for postage. Air mail rates sent on request.

X91

PUT OUR "BOTTOM OF THE BARREL" CAVIAR AT THE TOP OF YOUR LIST

Let us tell you a secret of the caviar business that will save you nearly 60% of the cost of the unique, genuine Caspian product.

The beautiful black eggs of Russian Beluga Caviar are frequently broken at the bottom of the barrel. This is the caviar that we pack under the Kamchatka label. It may not look quite as pretty as the whole grain caviar, and it doesn't crunch as well. But for splendid flavor it will match ANYTHING YOU CAN BUY AT 4 TIMES THE PRICE.

A case of twelve one ounce jars is a bargain at $50. That includes shipment anywhere in the U.S. or you can order a sampler pack of 3 jars for $13.95 postpaid. Due to supply problem this price is certain to rise.

Join the thousands of satisfied customers who save substantially when purchasing the Kamchatka label. If not fully satisfied, we will make full refund for the unused jars. A catalog with many wonderful delicacies & gift ideas all at discounted prices, will be enclosed with every order.

SEND YOUR CHECK TO

Caviarteria INC
IMP71
CAVIAR CENTER USA
870 Madison Ave. NY 10021
PHONE ORDERS (212) 861-1210

AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD MINIMUM $25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it as late as April 1945. He seized, with ruthless precision, upon such incidents as the Katyn Woods revelations, or the Warsaw uprising, to eliminate potential challenges to Soviet control in Poland. After Yalta, in an effort to consolidate short-term gains in Eastern Europe, he managed in a matter of weeks to alienate the staunchest American advocates of cooperation with the USSR, notably FDR himself. Stalin never made clear (perhaps because he himself was not certain) what his minimum postwar requirements were; as a consequence, his search for stability came across in the West as a drive for hegemony, thereby unsettling his allies and making the Cold War unavoidable.

The problem, Mastny thinks, was not just Stalin himself, but the system within which he functioned. It was a system that institutionalized suspicion as a standard operating procedure, that knew no way to project influence other than by force. As a result, Stalin "saddled his country with a cluster of sullen dependencies" which, "far from providing the ultimate protective shield, . . . enlarged the area whose integrity the Russians had to uphold and also diluted its internal cohesion." Imperialism thus became the highest form of Communism, begetting a cycle of insecurity breeding expansion, and expansion breeding insecurity, that has persisted right down to the Christmas invasion of Afghanistan, a country not exactly overlooked by previous imperial aspirants.

What should, or could, the United States have done differently? Mastny has little sympathy with Roosevelt's patient attempts to win Stalin's trust, but he is even more critical of the British, who lacked the excuse of "innocence and inexperience." A diplomacy based on what Henry Kissinger has called "pre-emptive concession"—anticipating another state's interests, and attempting to meet them before it has stated them—might work with self-confident powers modest in their pretensions, but not with the Russians, who have never had either quality in abundance. London and Washington should have taken a harder line earlier, Mastny argues, whatever the effect on the war effort. The hitch, of course, was that there was a war on, that the Russians were doing most of the fighting in it, and that by threatening to stop, Stalin could apply pressure on his allies difficult to resist. Mastny tends to overlook the fact that the West was trading influence for casualties during World War II: Regaining the political initiative might have been possible, but only at a higher cost in lives than American or British leaders were willing to pay.

Russia's Road to the Cold War places wartime Soviet-American relations within a carefully-drawn bilateral context for the first time: It is authoritative in its research, in the logic of its argument, and in the persuasiveness of its conclusions. It is pleasant to report, as well, that Mastny's prose is lean and tight—a model (except for an unerring instinct for splitting infinitives) of what scholarly writing ought to be. The book will be the starting point for all future research on Soviet diplomacy and strategy during World War II; it is as well a study policymakers concerned with the current deterioration of Soviet-American relations would do well to ponder.

The joint Soviet-American documentary project is not likely to proceed beyond 1815 anytime soon. Were it to do so, we would clearly have more to learn from it than the Russians would, which may in part account for Moscow's reluctance to proceed. But the view from Washington is not totally opaque: We can gain useful insights both from diligent re-

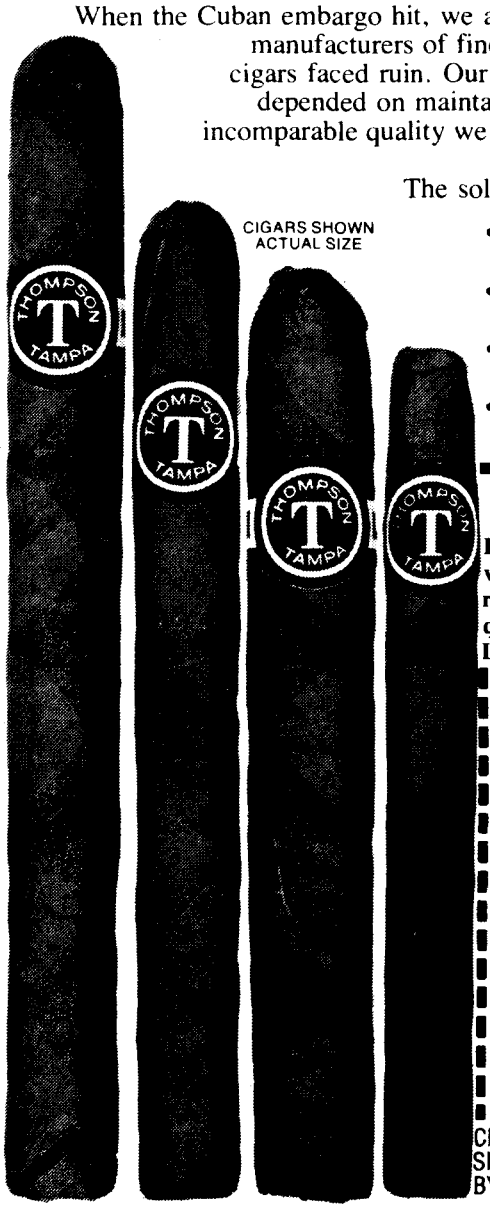
YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR.

If you remember savoring and lingering over a fantastically mild and flavorful Cuban leaf cigar in the days before the Cuban embargo, you will be interested in this offer — and the story behind it.

When the Cuban embargo hit, we and other small manufacturers of fine custom-made cigars faced ruin. Our very existence depended on maintaining the same incomparable quality we had staked our reputation on.

The solution was pure cloak-and-dagger.

One dark night a few years ago a group of daring Cuban expatriates put to sea carrying a precious cargo of Cuban tobacco seeds. After running a gauntlet of Cuban gunboats they finally reached their destination — Honduras. Here under almost identical conditions of climate and soil, this prime tobacco flourishes to this day, far from its native land. This is the tobacco we use to make our superbly mild and flavorable cigars — cigars an expert can't tell from Havana.



CIGARS SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

- *"Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years," one new customer wrote me the other day.*
- *"Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch," wrote another.*
- *"Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas," wrote H.E.O., of Columbia, S.C.*
- *"I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the cigar sampler you sent," said J.J.M., of Lincoln, Ill.*

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I will send you postpaid a variety of 60 factory fresh cigars. Smoke one or a half-dozen with my compliments. If these cigars aren't all you expect and a great deal more, return the remainder by parcel post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 60 Factory-Fresh Cuban Seed Leaf Cigars.

To order, fill in and mail coupon to **A413**

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.
Dept. A413, 200 N. Edison Ave., Box 1839, Tampa, FL 33601

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Thompson Victory Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only $10.90

☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed. (Fla residents add 4% sales tax.)

Make Mine with This Wrapper:
☐ Candela (Lt. Green)
☐ Natural (Med. Brown)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my
☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express
☐ Diners Club

Credit Card No. (Print all digits)

Master Charge Also Enter 4 Digits Below Your Acct. No. EXP. DATE

name

address

city (OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY) state zip

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY PHONING

TOLL-FREE 800-237-2559

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

search of the kind Mastny has undertaken, and, less directly, from what Soviet scholars like Sivachev and Yakovlev choose to emphasize or ignore. What both approaches reveal, above all else, is the perpetual state of insecurity Soviet leaders seem to live under—a chronic inability to be at ease with the world as it is that both unsettles the balance of power and simultaneously generates the countervailing forces necessary to reconstitute it. The Soviet Union, like Richard Nixon, is its own worst enemy; we could do worse ourselves, in choosing our own. □

FAMILIAR TERRITORY: OBSERVATIONS ON AMERICAN LIFE

Joseph Epstein / Oxford University Press / $11.95

Stephen Miller

How pleasant to meet (again) Mr. Epstein, whose familiar essays, gathered together in this volume, first appeared in the *American Scholar* under the pseudonym of Aristides.

Meet is an appropriate word, since the familiar essayist should write as if he were conversing with the reader—discoursing extemporaneously upon a subject that has for the moment seized his attention. The genre, if we can call it that, allows for—perhaps requires—digressions, which add to its appearance of informality. The familiar essayist should not fasten upon a subject but, rather, wander around one.

The familiar essayist, moreover, should avoid a number of things: embarrassing the reader by disclosing too much of himself (familiar essays should not be confessional); boring the reader by, say, explicating a text; and discomfiting the reader by giving him advice. Good familiar essayists—and they include, as Epstein says in the introduction to his collection, Addison and Steele, Montaigne, Hazlitt, and Lamb—are like good conversationalists; they don't try to make us become better neighbors, citizens, friends, or lovers. They try to entertain us with an unusual turn of phrase, a sudden sally of wit, an unexpected view of the commonplace. Good familiar essayists are argumentative, but they rarely are shrill. They usually want to unsettle the reader, disturbing his moral or intellectual complacency, but at the same time they want to amuse him.

Although it looks easy enough to write, requiring neither strong scholarship nor a particularly rigorous argument, the familiar essay is difficult to bring off. Nevertheless, it holds many attractions for writers because it allows them to discuss innumerable subjects that, as Joseph Krutch has said, "are neither obviously momentous nor merely silly." The familiar essay is a mansion with many rooms in it, housing such varied contemporary writers as Joan Didion, Edward Hoagland, and Lewis Thomas—to name some of the best.

Epstein's room is one with a view on American manners, especially the manners of America's upper-middle class. In several essays he gently ridicules its major and minor snobberies. Jogging, self-help books, gourmet food, boutiques, and casual clothes all get their comeuppance. But Epstein's opinions are, in a sense, beside the point. We don't appreciate familiar essayists because they take a particular stand on a question; their conclusions are less important than the distinctive ways in which they meander towards them. We appreciate them, that is, less for their substance than for their style. Epstein's style is moderately antic—unleaded, not high octane. He does not wear the reader out by trying to provide a laugh-a-minute, but he does move the argument along with a telling anecdote or a carefully-phrased exaggeration. In "Marlboro Country," which deflates the publishing business, Epstein tells us about his performances on the talk-show circuit while trying to peddle his first book. Certain that he was a terrible bore as a TV "personality," he laments: "All through the South I imagined men and women watching me over their breakfast, their heads nestling gently, asleep, in plates of scrambled eggs and cereal bowls." In an essay on jogging, we learn of Taxicab Rabinowitz, who "inevitably appeared to be either emerging from or entering into yet another cab." Rabinowitz, Epstein tells us, was "the very antithesis of all that is implied by the phrase 'in shape.' "

Some may think that praising a writer for his style is a backhanded compliment—a way of insinuating that the writer is all style, no substance. Is the familiar essayist an irresponsible fellow who wastes our time by gossiping about trivial matters? A reviewer in the *New Republic* complained almost wistfully that "Epstein does not seem to urge any social action...." Well, no, he doesn't. He doesn't do a lot of things, but only a rigidly high-minded soul would argue that we should limit our reading to writers who wrestle with momentous subjects. In any case, we suffer from an excess of writers who tell us what they think about Social Problems.

It is wrong, though, to assume that because Epstein is both an elegant and an unfailingly good-humored writer, he is lightweight. His essays are rich in precise observations about the oddities of American life, and he is especially perceptive when he takes a look at what we usually take for granted: the clothes we wear, the greetings we give to people.

For all the humor that runs through Epstein's work, there is also a melancholy strain as well, perhaps because Epstein is very much aware of the manifold ways in which many Americans strive to look down upon others—or even look down upon themselves. In an essay that attacks what Philip Rieff has called "The Triumph of the Therapeutic," Epstein speaks of "the strange cluster of the desperately hopeful gathered under the banner of the human potential movement...." Lionel Trilling once said that "the life of competition for spiritual status is not without its own peculiar sordidness and absurdity." Epstein is not a chronicler of sordidness and absurdity, but at his best he succeeds in transforming the familiar territory of American manners into a puzzling country populated by souls driven to attain—what? Health, sophistication, naturalness, honesty, fulfillment? What, Epstein seems to wonder, should one make of the comic and pathetic aspects of the way we live now? At his best Epstein makes the familiar strange. □

Stephen Miller is a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO GETS AHEAD?: THE DETERMINATES OF ECONOMIC SUCCESS IN AMERICA

Christopher Jencks, et al. / Basic Books / $17.50

Mark T. Lilla

Social scientists as a whole are neither biased, ignorant, nor dishonest, but they always produce a view of social reality that is limited by the types of questions which they find important at a particular time. In 1972, the year of George McGovern, the "problem" of social inequality was the primary concern of social researchers, and the book by a social scientist which emerged to capture the most public attention was Christopher Jencks' *Inequality*. Indeed, how could a book making the claims it did fail to gain attention? Jencks and his collaborators argued that significant inequality existed in America and that virtually none of that inequality could be explained by individual differences in family background, intelligence, or, most important, education. All that was left, announced Jencks in a "Today" show interview, was "luck." From this Jencks concluded that all marginal social reforms (e.g., increased aid to the schools of the poor) were doomed to failure, failure being an unequal distribution of income. His last chapter, "What Is To Be Done?", ended thus:

> If we want to move beyond this tradition [of marginal reform], we will have to establish political control over the economic institutions that shape our society. This is what other countries call socialism.

But times change, and so does social research. As the spirit of '72 wore off, it became clear to other researchers, and to Jencks, that the conclusions in *Inequality* were overstated, the quality of the data was poor, and some of the statistical methods were clearly wrong. So a year later Jencks put together a new research team, better data sets, and large federal grants to try it all again. The product of that effort is *Who Gets Ahead?*

Who Gets Ahead? differs from *Inequality* in both method and results. While *Inequality* was essentially a political tract interspersed with statistics, *Who Gets Ahead?* is so thoroughly technical that it will tax even the patience of those with intermediate training in statistics. Much of the debate about the new book will undoubtedly center on methodological points (especially the way in which Jencks "synthesizes" the results of the 11 surveys he examined), but those quibbles are best taken up elsewhere.

Jencks has limited the new book to two of the many questions previously addressed in *Inequality*. The first is the total amount of variance in men's occupational status and income that can be explained by demographic characteristics such as family background, education, race, academic ability, and noncognitive traits. *Inequality* found that only 50 percent of the variance in occupational status and 22 percent of the variance in income could be explained by these attributes; new and better data and methods now move Jencks to estimate that those numbers could be as high as 60 percent and 40 percent, respectively. While these differences may not seem important to the untrained reader, they have led to very different conclusions. Whereas Jencks concluded previously that luck determined the rest of the inequality that was measured, he and his new collaborators attribute much of the remaining inequality to labor-market imperfections, unmeasured attributes, and measurement error. This, of course, does not disabuse him of his egalitarianism (since egalitarians seem to be born, not made), but he does provide a more reasonable explanation of the distribution of income.

More interesting is what the new book has to say about the importance of each of the individual personal attributes. Jencks' new surveys allow him and his collaborators to reach stronger conclusions about the importance of background in general, and about the process by which some achieve success and others do not. By examining his samples of twins and brothers and comparing them to samples of strangers, Jencks finds that family background affects achievement in ways beyond family income or the education and occupation of the parents. These "unmeasured" characteristics are important and, Jencks admits, probably include parents' genes and such intangibles as "home environment" and "values." Academic test scores also appear to be more important than suggested in *Inequality*; when compared to other types of tests (e.g., personality tests), they are robust predictors of later success. And if it weren't enough that Jencks deals with the current bugaboo of achievement tests and ability, he also examines individual "leadership," as measured by students' high school counselors. When these subjective estimates of leadership were compared to men's later occupational and economic success, it was clear that the "leaders" had done better than others. Finally, Jencks confirms that education is the most powerful predictor of success, though every year of education is not equally important. Each year in college is much more important than each year in high school, and the last year in each institution is as important as the other three combined.

No quick summary can do justice to the elegant analysis Jencks conducted or the social processes at work. All of these demographic characteristics are "important," but not equally so, and most of the results could have several interpretations (e.g., employers could be looking for high test scores rather than just ability). Moreover, all of these characteristics not only work independently to affect success, they also work through each other. For this and other reasons, no one "model" will represent what determines economic success in all cases. But if any one process is more representative than the others, Jencks concludes, it is the one whereby families (through measurable and unmeasurable ways) pass on "abilities" (high test scores) to their children which are then translated into educational achievement. Education then opens the doors to better occupations and higher earnings. Is anyone surprised?

For those who take the question of income inequality seriously, Jencks' results are probably distressing because they are so obvious. What made *Inequality* attractive to its supporters (and bothersome to its detractors) was that its results were counterintuitive. This is what led skeptics to re-examine the data and the methods, but it is also what attracted the New Left (with which most of the co-authors sympathize strongly). In *Inequality* they found a means of telling the public that everything it saw, experienced, and believed about how people get ahead in this country was illusion or anecdote, and that chance was the real distributor of rewards.

But Jencks is an honest researcher,

Mark T. Lilla is a graduate student in public policy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard.

The Journal of American History

Join the Organization of American Historians, a promoter of historical research and study in the field of American history and the publisher of the wide-ranging *Journal of American History*, and receive a major book by a president of the OAH as well as the Organization's regular publications. Membership is open to anyone interested in the history of America.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

(FOR NEW MEMBERSHIPS ONLY)

I enclose $15 for membership in The Organization of American Historians which includes a one-year subscription to *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, the *OAH NEWSLETTER*, the annual *PROGRAM* and the hard-cover book selected below:

Check one

_____ Kenneth M. Stampp: *The Peculiar Institution*

_____ Eugene D. Genovese: *Roll, Jordan, Roll*

_____ Carl N. Degler: *Place Over Time*

NAME (please print): _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please mail this coupon with your check or money order payable to
Organization of American Historians
112 North Bryan Street · Bloomington, Indiana 47401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and when better data were made available and better statistical methods were suggested, he used them unflinchingly. His new results show, I think, that better data and careful methods usually make "startling" social science findings much less shocking. It seems safe to say that when social research properly addresses large social issues it usually finds that "people's long-held notions" (a favorite pejoration) are nearly correct, and when the results differ from popular notions the differences are so subtle that they become politically unimportant (although they remain scientifically interesting).

Of course, political importance, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. The authors of *Inequality* seemed so confident of their results that they thought it should be used to convince the public (which needs much convincing) that income inequality is indeed a grave problem. Jencks and his new collaborators have removed much of the rhetoric but the theme remains the same. By characterizing "conservative" and "elitist" positions as claiming that the United States is a perfect meritocracy (as measured by imperfect test scores and educational attainment), they set up the reader to conclude that "we have a long way to go." This depends, as one reviewer of *Inequality* pointed out, on whether we say the glass is half full or half empty. It is just as easy to maintain that by explaining at least one-half of inequality (and here I think Jencks interprets his data conservatively) with scientific methods and data that are rudimentary by the standards of the natural sciences, we have done quite well.

Who Gets Ahead? assumes that income inequality is inherently suspect and that finding what determines that inequality is important social research. Those who do not accept that assumption will have a much different view of Jencks' work. J.R. Pole, in his recent, well-received book, *The Pursuit of Equality In American History*, argues that while the idea of equality has played an increasingly important role in our history, equality of income has never caught on. George McGovern's extremely mild form of guaranteed income, as well as Richard Nixon's Family Assistance Plan, were both hooted off the stage because they smelled strongly of income redistribution. Marc Plattner has suggested, in a recent issue of the *Public Interest*, that the ideological basis of a welfare state is radically different from that of a redistributive state, and that the former does not naturally transform itself into the latter. If this is true, and I think it is, then it is clear that the American "creed" is much more consistent with a welfare state than a redistributive one. A welfare state is one in which people decide (for better or worse) that there are a certain number of economic areas in which money should matter less and where a "social net" should be in place. The welfare state grows by taking over portions of the private economic sphere one issue at a time, not by pursuing the nebulous goals of income or, more broadly, social equality. The growth of the American welfare state has undoubtedly changed the distribution of income (mostly at the lower end of the scale), but that seems quite beside the point.

If there is one disappointment in reading *Who Gets Ahead?*, it is that Jencks limited himself to cleaning up his scientific results and forewent advancing the provocative political positions in *Inequality*. The ideological excesses of *Inequality* were clearly a product of the early seventies, but at least the book made an argument for the political importance of its results. *Who Gets Ahead?*, dealing with the same ideologically charged issues, closes with the rather weak statement that "if we want to redistribute income, the most effective strategy is probably still to redistribute income." The problem, of course, is that no one seems to want to redistribute income, and until Americans are convinced by socialists like Jencks that the *idea* of income equality is politically important, books like this will remain slightly irrelevant. Indeed, the appropriate response to the way Jencks frames the question, "Who gets ahead?" is probably: "Who cares?" □

WITH NO APOLOGIES: THE PERSONAL AND POLITICAL MEMOIRS OF UNITED STATES SENATOR BARRY M. GOLDWATER
Barry M. Goldwater / Morrow / $12.95

William A. Rusher

What shall be said, at last, of Barry Goldwater? Even though he has decided to run for re-election as senator in 1980, his role in the great political events of our era has long since been fixed and largely played. It is time for his memoirs—and here they are: dictated, as is his custom, into a recording machine, with the helpful stimulus of gleanings from his "Alpha File," itself consisting largely of contemporary memoranda about important people and events in his life. Somebody—perhaps Steve Shadegg—has worked over this rambling and discursive body of material, pulling it into shape and chronological order and adding, here and there, bits of connective tissue or exposition. But the tone and views are unmistakably Barry Goldwater's, and the result is a book that belongs in every library, public and personal, concerned with American politics in the third quarter of the twentieth century.

Goldwater's career has at various times followed two quite distinct though related trajectories: the rise of the modern conservative movement, and the ongoing progress (if that's the word for it) of the Republican Party. He became agreeably entangled with the GOP in his native Arizona back in the late 1940s, and undoubtedly wouldn't have objected if it had simply carried him, as in fact it did, to the United States Senate, there to serve, loyally and patriotically, until honorable retirement was indicated.

But it wasn't to be quite that easy. There was abroad in the land during the 1950s a restless new conservative mood that urgently demanded political expression. It wasn't the majority view, but its proponents had almost the messianic fervor of William Lloyd Garrison: "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard!" Goldwater was only one of a number of senators outspokenly sympathetic to the conservative cause; but something—let's take the easy way out and call it Fate—decreed that it would be Goldwater, rather than Knowland or Jenner or Curtis, who would carry the conservative banner to smashing victory in the Republican convention of 1964.

It was as deep as it was possible to get in the plot to coopt Barry Goldwater for conservatism's purposes (as he well knows: "F. Clifton White, William A. Rusher, and John Ashbrook of Ohio launched the Draft Goldwater for President movement at a meeting in Chicago on October 8, 1961"). We didn't have, or ask, his permission, but his *Conscience of a Conservative* had made him by far the best known political spokesman for our cause, and it simply didn't occur to us that he might actually feel uneasy with a group whose only crime was that it earnestly wanted to nominate him for President.

In this we were mistaken. Goldwater believed he knew, far better than we did, how unlikely it was that he could be elected. In addition, forgivably, he valued more highly than we the third term as senator that running for the White House in 1964 would force him to forego. Lastly, though a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, he bore no trace of the ideologue, and as a professional Republican politician he instinctively distrusted the hot-eyed polysyllabicists who were soon clambering all over his unauthorized bandwagon. Dubious and deeply reluctant, he must have felt rather like Hamlet: "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite/ That ever I was born to set it right!"

Nevertheless, the bandwagon started to roll, and by mid-1963 it was apparent that Goldwater would very probably be nominated whether he liked it or not. Kennedy's assassination that November, putting a conservative Texas Democrat in the White House, made the prospect of Goldwater's actual election still more remote; but on December 8, 1963, at a meeting of his closest cronies (not a single member of the Draft Committee, significantly, was there), Goldwater decided—correctly, in my opinion—that he "had planted the flag on the hilltop; now I must defend that flag."

So his bandwagon rolled on, to—and through—the convention. As Goldwater proudly notes, "I received more votes than any candidate in either party had ever achieved on the first ballot of a contested convention where the roll call was permitted to continue to conclusion without allowing any state to change its votes: 883 out of 1,308—more than twice as many as the combined first-ballot votes of all other candidates." He thereupon promptly sidelined the

William A. Rusher is publisher of National Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

team, led by Clifton White, that had engineered that triumph, installed in its stead what was inevitably dubbed his "Arizona mafia," and sailed on to the defeat he knew was inevitable in November.

Thoughtless people, remembering only that defeat, fail utterly to understand the true significance of what Barry Goldwater accomplished in 1964. It was not his smashing defeat in November, but his overwhelming triumph at the July convention, that had the really enduring consequences —as those of us who drafted him had hoped it would. Lyndon Johnson's great victory proved evanescent even by ordinary political standards: Less than four years later he dared not ask his own party for renomination; and the man it picked to succeed him was beaten by Republican Richard Nixon. But Goldwater's 1964 convention victory changed the GOP fundamentally and forever. Its longtime Eastern leadership (Willkie-Dewey-Rockefeller) was brusquely overthrown and replaced by a more conservative coalition of the South and West that has dominated the party ever since. In 1968, when Johnson prudently did not even attend the Democratic convention, Goldwater was probably more responsible than any other single individual for Nixon's victory in the Republican convention over the forces that wanted Ronald Reagan. And thereby hangs a tale.

Goldwater is ordinarily the most forthright of men, but in describing his attitude toward Reagan over the years he is, in this book, less than wholly candid. In the light of all that has happened since, it is understandable why Goldwater might want to minimize, even to himself, his critical role in Nixon's 1968 nomination —and for that matter in Ford's, eight years later. But facts are facts, and they deserve to be recorded.

Goldwater does not even mention, for example, that he publicly endorsed Nixon for the 1968 nomination on January 22, 1965. That is undoubtedly why he pleaded Nixon's cause so eloquently with his former senatorial colleagues and many others during the ensuing three years, and why Reagan's election as governor of California in November 1966 failed to thrill him as it thrilled so many other conservatives.

Instead, in these memoirs Goldwater merely lists those members of his 1964 team who were individually signing on with Nixon in 1965 and 1966, implying that they more or less dragged him along. As for Reagan, he solemnly treats him as a noncandidate—though of course Reagan knew all about, and thoroughly approved, the fifth-floor office at 47 Kearny Street in San Francisco from which Tom Reed was quietly promoting a drive to nominate him. By the time the convention in Miami began, Goldwater admits, "the Nixon forces were nervous." But he neglects to include a description of his own repeated assurances to wavering conservative delegates pledged to Nixon that "Ron will accept the vice presidency"—assurances so damaging to Reagan's hopes that he was finally forced to phone Goldwater and ask him to stop giving them, and then followed that up with a telegram to every delegation chairman denying that he would do any such thing. But it was too late. Conservative delegates who distrusted Nixon—and they were legion—were confronted with the perfect riposte: Were they trying to be more royalist than the king? If Goldwater was for Nixon, what conservative could rationally be against him? So Nixon it was.

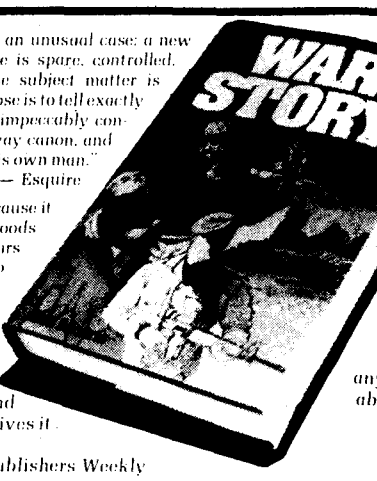
Once again, in 1976, Goldwater's endorsement—in this case of Ford—probably was enough to tip the scales against Reagan in that closely divided convention. This time Reagan's candidacy was out in the open, and Goldwater therefore cannot avoid offering, in his memoirs, some explanation for his astonishing support of Ford. The result is so dry and unpersuasive that I quote it in full: "I believed the incumbent would be a stronger candidate. I had seen some in-depth polls done by an organization which in the past has always been right. The men in charge of the Reagan campaign had never impressed me as possessing any degree of political skill." Odd—and uncharitable; most of them were on the team that had brought about Goldwater's own overwhelming nomination back in 1964.

Once away from the delicate subject of Reagan, however, Goldwater has much that is fascinating to say about the men and events he has watched and influenced. He hasn't forgiven—why should he?—his liberal fellow Republicans who distorted his record, cut his reputation to ribbons, and all but publicly repudiated his candidacy in 1964. He gives us an unforgettable last glimpse of Nixon when Hugh Scott, John Rhodes, and Goldwater went to tell him, on August 7, 1974, that impeachment and removal were inevitable if he stayed on. Nixon knew very well what they were there to say, yet "He was serene, confident, cheerful....I had never seen him so relaxed. He put his feet on the desk and talked. He didn't mention resignation....The President knew what he must do. Thank God he did not require us to spell out the message we carried. When we left, he was smiling." Did Nixon's subtly self-destructive personality, having at last contrived its own downfall, perhaps know a weird, brief moment of peace?

Like Herbert Hoover, who was also inundated politically by a flood of billingsgate, Barry Goldwater has lived long enough to see his detractors regret and largely withdraw their rabid attacks on him and even come to recognize his many good qualities. In his Arizona colleague Carl Hayden's division of senators into "show horses" and "work horses," Goldwater has always tended to fall into the former category; and his brilliant *Conscience of a Conservative*, which was the product of several pens, gave him an early reputation as a profound conservative theoretician that he would probably be the first to admit was undeserved. But nobody who knows him has ever doubted his sincerity, his simple honesty, his devotion to his country and his duty, or the rocklike integrity of his character. In a legislative body with a full complement of evil geniuses, accomplished thieves, and falling-down drunks, he will be remembered—long and fondly—as a man who stood tall. □

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668AS ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

SAVE YOUR GAS! BEAT INFLATION!
Roam the world by freighter at savings of at least 50%...Deluxe accommodations
TravLtips
Dept. F103, 163-09 Depot, Flushing, NY 11358



"Morris steps forward as an unusual case: a new young writer whose style is spare, controlled, sprung of tension, whose subject matter is war, whose obvious purpose is to tell exactly what it's like — all dicta impeccably consonant with the Hemingway canon, and yet he is still very much his own man."
— Esquire

"His book comes alive because it had its birth in the backwoods of Vietnam and not in the bars of Saigon, which has too often been the case on books about Vietnam."
— Larry Lawrence
Abilene Reporter-News

"It sounds very real, and the low key approach gives it all the more impact."
— Publishers Weekly

"Vivid, informed and direct . . . it is history worth reading."
—Joseph A. Tetlow
America

"It does as much as any book around to help tie up the loose ends of the war in Vietnam . . ."
—Fort Worth Star-Telegram

"Primary source material for anyone who wants to know more about the social and political dynamics which really decided Vietnam's fate."
—Arkansas Times Magazine

IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT UNDERSTANDING THE WAR IN VIETNAM . . .

Here is the soldier's story. When writer Jim Morris set out to investigate the war in Vietnam he did it the hard way — he joined the Green Berets. Three tours later he left Vietnam with a story to tell.

War Story is an adventure book. Morris gives an insider's view of strategies, battles and missions . . . he writes with love of his time spent among the primitive Montagnard tribesmen in the remote highlands.

War Story is a political book, an eye-witness indictment of shameless incompetence and official corruption.

Most of all **War Story** is a personal memoir, a beautiful story of one man's journey through this most foreign war.

War Story . . . an important new point-of-view on Vietnam. Now available from Sycamore Island Books.

READ THIS BOOK.

Yes. Send me the hardcover War Story at $12.95 plus $2.00 postage and handling. If I am not satisfied I may return it within 10 days for a complete refund.
☐ Enclosed is a check or money order.
☐ Bill VISA or Mastercharge # _____ exp. date ____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SYCAMORE ISLAND BOOKS
P.O. Box 1307-AS
Boulder, CO 80306
AS-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ALCOHOLIC REPUBLIC: AN AMERICAN TRADITION

W.J. Rorabaugh / Oxford University Press / $14.95

George Ertel

The drinking of bourbon simply does not translate into words. Hemingway couldn't do it, Faulkner couldn't do it, and they weren't trying to satisfy thesis requirements for a graduate degree in history. Which is why W.J. Rorabaugh wrote what eventually became *The Alcoholic Republic*, a study of drinking by Americans between 1790 and 1830.

The original thesis wasn't called *The Alcoholic Republic*; his thesis advisor suggested that title when Rorabaugh decided to convert his work into a book. After all, you need a catchy title if you are going to sell in a popular market. And no one wants to read some dry old history book—you've got to make it sing. The tune Rorabaugh has scored is composed of a recurring malady: Ain't It Awful! Weren't those early 19th-century Americans a bunch of sots! Weren't the clergy such stuffed shirts! Imagine spending money on drink when you could be investing in factories! And (alternately) what cold-hearted materialists those capitalists were! How terrible everything was!

The writing is still pedantic. One suspects that Mr. Rorabaugh wrote the book with his collar buttoned and his tie knotted in place. He tells us about "alcoholic beverages" and "distilled spirits." People don't drink "alcoholic beverages"; people drink whiskey and beer.

Today Americans drink ten times as much beer as whiskey. Rorabaugh learned that during the early years of the Republic the consumption pattern was different. Prior to 1840 Americans drank almost no beer, but they more than compensated for its absence with whiskey, rum, brandy, and cider—the hard stuff. Apparently our forefathers took their drinking seriously. Rorabaugh's research shows that their annual intake of alcohol between 1770 and 1830 was one and a half times what ours has been since 1960. (Whether early Americans outdrank their European contemporaries is less clear. On the one hand, Rorabaugh cites European visitors' observations of Americans' drinking habits which suggest that the latter imbibed more heavily. On the other, his quantitative data, admittedly incomplete and unsubstantiated, indicate that Americans' drinking was not out of line from Western Europeans'. Indeed, it may have been significantly lower. The author does not allow this possibility to hinder him from pursuing his point.)

Rorabaugh discusses the social, political, economic, and theological influences of the post-Revolutionary era on drinking. Traditionally, liquor had been considered to be a "good creature of God." The Independence movement had been nurtured in the taverns, and drinking came to be thought of as a symbol of liberation and equality. Whiskey made from corn was patriotically American. It was also the best way to prepare that grain for sale in markets over 20 miles away: Whiskey was easier to transport as well as more lucrative than raw corn. Although by the late 1700s there was growing skepticism regarding the contribution of liquor to good health, most people continued to treat illness with whiskey.

Americans depended on booze to provide the most exciting part of their diet. The average Americans generally lived on corn, pork, and liquor. They ate fruit, cabbage, and onions in season, but the basic meal was "hog and hominy" washed down with whiskey or hard cider. And washing down with liquor was usually the best choice: Most available water was not quite of Perrier quality. In rural areas wells were scarce, and stream water was often at least one-quarter mud. Washington, D.C., had no public wells because the citizenry refused to pay the higher taxes necessary to finance construction. Drinking water in New York City cured not only thirst but also constipation—"running water" took on a whole new meaning.

But while water originally supported the popularity of liquor, Rorabaugh found that it eventually contributed to a reduction in alcohol consumption. During the early 1800s an expanding system of canals enabled Western farmers to ship raw corn to Eastern markets, and many Eastern farmers, unable to match the yields achieved on Western fields, turned to processing and manufacturing for regional and national markets now open to them as a result of the new waterways. Manufacturing output tripled during the 30-year period from 1810 to 1840, while the consumption of alcohol dropped by nearly two-thirds between 1830 and 1845. The new commercial growth inspired an interest among businessmen for more disciplined operations—a discipline incompatible with the on-the-job drinking that had become a standard American practice. This new managerial style fit neatly with the rationalist philosophy that was coming to dominate social thought. Advocates of both found the effects of heavy drinking to be at odds with their own purposes and beliefs, and they argued diligently to persuade the public that temperance was beneficial. In doing so these rationalists formed a de facto alliance with evangelical Christians in their opposition to hard drinking.

Rorabaugh has trouble discussing evangelical Christianity, a problem he acknowledges: ". . . materialism was coupled with spirituality, and young Americans of the 1830s were determined to build a society based on both elements. Today, it is difficult for us to understand that attempt, for while we retain the belief in materialism, we find it difficult to comprehend nineteenth century revivalism fully." Accordingly, Rorabaugh insists on comprehending spiritual factors in terms of 20th-century materialism. Temperance organizations apparently founded on Christian doctrine were actually, Rorabaugh suggests, devices to restore the authority of the clergy and to ease the anxieties of a laity which had given up drinking because of painful hangovers. (Happens every time!) When considering the fact that Christian temperance reformers were often abolitionists as well, Rorabaugh notes that the reformers believed "temperance to be the more crucial reform . . . a slave had only lost control of his body, a drunkard lost mastery of his soul." The author finds this preference to be "grotesque" and "absurd." While the choice is certainly not contemporary, it is essentially Christian: St. Paul expressed the same priority in his epistles to Philemon and the Galatians. The notion that inebriation interferes with worship of and rational commitment to God is not seriously considered in Rorabaugh's analysis of the clergy's role in temperance advocacy. After all, the author states, "devotion to religion" is "a highly charged emotionalism."

But even if Rorabaugh can find no personal God to be reckoned with, he can spot a devil: expansionary industrialism. This he sees as the evil reality of economic development. Expansionary industrialism seduced the American innocents away from ex-

George Ertel is a market researcher living in Roselle, Illinois.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL

(continued from page 5)

fully to understand the depth of our commitment and the price they would have to pay for disregarding it that they will be moved to step back from the precipice.

Grain embargoes, withholding licenses for the sale of high-technology goods, and boycotting the Moscow Olympics are all very well, but to the tough-minded men in the Kremlin they can only indicate pique, not resolve. Indeed, so long as we continue most other economic and cultural exchanges, halfway (if that) measures are likely to be perceived as little more than dithering.

Alone among post-World War II administrations the Carterites have ignored the truths that George Kennan spelled out in his famous "X" article of 1947, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct." In it he wrote that Soviet

> political action is a fluid stream which moves constantly, wherever it is permitted to move, toward a given goal. Its main concern is to make sure that it has filled every nook and cranny available to it in the basin of world power. But if it finds unassailable barriers in its path, it accepts these philosophically and accommodates itself to them. The main thing is that there should always be pressure, unceasing constant pressure, toward the desired goal. . . .
>
> In these circumstances it is clear that the main element of any United States policy toward the Soviet Union must be that of a long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies.

Jimmy Carter of course thought he knew better—until last month. Now he claims to have had his eyes opened, but unless he is willing—as President Franklin Roosevelt was in 1940, an election year—to invest every shred of prestige, power, and passion he has in the effort to restore America's defenses along the lines we have proposed here, he most assuredly will have presided over the Finlandization of the world, or the nuclear destruction of the United States.

Those alternatives are the truest measure of how far we have descended from the pinnacle of military supremacy in the last 15 years. Surely it is far enough. —*Karl O'Lessker for the Editorial Board*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

citing farm life into "dull, unvaried" factory jobs. Expansionary industrialism destroyed their spirit of opportunity—only those craftsmen willing "to obtain loans or political subsidies, to accept capitalists as partners, or to form a corporation" could open their own shops. Expansionary industrialism wrecked custom and traditional social ties. Americans responded by drinking. They drank a little more, and they drank it differently: They drank alone or surreptitiously. Official acceptance of communal drinking had waned—"men who chased dollars naturally disapproved of liquor"—so more drinking had to be done on the sly. And those "hard-hearted materialists whose repression of their feelings enabled them to believe that all difficulties would be resolved... through orderly industrial development" increased their efforts to deny workers the only available respite.

There is an unpleasantness about Rorabaugh's work. Initially he writes that "enthusiasm for distilling had shown a lack of economic imagination" that prevented businessmen from developing capital. Yet when capitalists encourage thrift, they are described as exploiters. Pre-industrial life was boring and monotonous, but industrialization just made things worse. Reformers were morally flawed manipulators seeking to enhance their own authority. It is all very depressing, and books about booze should not be depressing.

For 15 dollars you can buy this book and read about other people drinking; for the same amount you can buy two fifths of bourbon and do it yourself. Who needs a book? □

GIVING GOOD WEIGHT
John McPhee / Farrar, Straus & Giroux / $9.95

Joshua Gilder

How one reacts to *Giving Good Weight* may depend to some extent on how one feels about vegetables, not simply because vegetables are the subject of the title piece, or because an intense interest in cabbage may be needed to carry one along, but because John McPhee's writing is about as close as you can come to a literary equivalent of vegetarianism. While reviewers consistently applaud McPhee for shunning the "sexy" topics that, it is suggested, are such easy game for those other journalist-novelists, the reader may find his prose a very bland diet. My own tastes run more to the carnivorous (Mailer), the omnivorous (Wolfe), even the anorexic (Didion), than to the macrobiotic McPhee.

As well as 70 pages on vegetables, this new collection includes "The Atlantic Generating Station," about a plan to float a nuclear power plant off the New Jersey coast, a piece of reporting that in the aftermath of Three Mile Island (if that was really necessary to clue you in) seems depressingly simple-minded; "The Pinball Philosophy," a piece so slight it is almost invisible; "The Keel of Lake Dickey," about a canoe trip (a McPhee staple) down the St. John River during which he scores some valuable points for conservation; and the famous (if you follow these things) "Brigade de Cuisine," the author's paean to the mysterious chef and culinary artiste, Otto, who, when finally tracked down by the *New York Times* food critic, turned out to serve "inedible" artichokes.

The individual stories in this collection, like all of McPhee's works, first made their appearance as extended articles in the *New Yorker*. McPhee's affinity with the magazine, for which he works as a staff writer, is evident. His stories bring to mind every reason one never finishes those talky, flaccid articles that meander endlessly from impression to impression, punctuated with occasional tidbits of conversation.

McPhee is full of impressions. Missing in his work is any sense of a mediating intelligence behind the chatter. A passive observer, he floats through his stories on a continual stream of facts and anecdotes that ultimately contrive to say nothing. The trivial is given equal time with the important, with no suggestion that there might be a hierarchy of issues and ideas.

To compensate for a lack of substance, McPhee bloats his chronicle of the mundane with a false poeticization. Every other moment becomes

Joshua Gilder is a free-lance writer living in New York.

NIXON'S THE ONE - IN 1980

As the political campaigns get underway, our "Nixon's The One —In 1980" buttons are becoming more popular than ever. This little gem is the lowest-priced item offered by The Saturday Evening Club, but perhaps the most controversial of all! At its unveiling in New York last year, at the fashionable Tavern-on-the-Green restaurant, the Baron and a friend from *National Lampoon* donned these buttons and no fewer than five tables of people gasped in horror as they left the restaurant.

Order several for party favors and take advantage of our bulk rates. Ideal for Nixon supporters and Nixon haters alike.

The Saturday Evening Club also offers you tee shirts, bumperstickers, and jackets. Just look over the order form below and let us know what items you want. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

So place your order today.

THE SATURDAY EVENING CLUB'S MULTI-PURPOSE ORDER FORM

Dear Baron:
Please send the following tastefully outrageous products:

AMERICAN SPECTATOR TURKEY TEE SHIRTS
$7 each, 3 for $18
Paris Green on White: ..... Large ..... X Large
Paris Green on Gold: ..... Large ..... X Large
Paris Green on Light Blue: ..... Large ..... X Large

"NUKE THE WHALES" TEE SHIRTS
$7 each, 3 for $18. Black print on light blue. Illustrated. Very controversial.
..... Large ..... X Large

AMERICAN SPECTATOR TURKEY JACKETS
$12 each, 3 for $30. White imprint on navy blue windbreaker.
..... Medium ..... Large ..... X Large

BUMPERSTICKERS
$2 each, 3 for $5.
..... Nuke The Whales
..... Caution: I Speed Up For Small Animals
..... Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?
..... Nuclear Plants Are Built Better Than Jane Fonda

"NIXON'S THE ONE—IN 1980"
Buttons at $1.00 each
12 for $10, 50-99 at $.75 each
100 or more at $.50 each
..... (Quantity desired)

THE SATURDAY EVENING CLUB
P.O. Box 877
Bloomington, Indiana 47402

PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City
State Zip

Total enclosed: $.....
(Indiana residents please add 4% sales tax.)
Please add $2 for orders to be shipped to foreign countries.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Return in ten days if not satisfied.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

penultimate, as in this example from *Pieces of the Frame*: "I had never been in the presence of a red-tailed hawk, and at sight of him I was not sure whether to run or to kneel." Sometimes he's tiresomely cute: "Fedeler shrugs. He scratches his cheek, which is under a mat of russet beard....He would resemble Sigmund Freud, if Sigmund Freud had been a prospector."* Often description will degenerate into lists. Here is a small sample from the title essay, "Giving Good Weight": "...Burpless cucumbers. Cranberry beans. Silver Queen corn. Sweet Sue bicolor corn, with its concise tight kernels, its well-filled tips and butts. Boston salad lettuce. Paris Island romaine lettuce. Ithaca iceberg...."

* From *Coming into the Country*.

McPhee's failure to explore below the surface is most apparent in his inability to deal with the subject of class: the social forces, the economic and cultural histories, that to a great extent determine who we become. This is the stuff of journalism, the touchstone of social observation. It is, ultimately, *the* subject of his colleagues, the New Journalists, certainly a matter Wolfe and Mailer attack with gusto. Even Joan Didion contemplates the vagaries of privilege, seen as she lounges behind dark glasses on a beach chair at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. McPhee seems distinctly uncomfortable with the idea of class, as if he wished the whole subject would just go away.

This may partly explain his fondness for canoe trips in remote wildernesses, though in "The Keel of Lake Dickey" we find Tom Cabot among the company. That's Tom Cabot, we are told, of the Cabots and Lowells and Boston and Old Money. But old Tom, he's just one of the boys: "Tom Cabot, who has been everything from a Harvard Overseer to Director of International Security Affairs in the Department of State, will walk and talk with anybody."

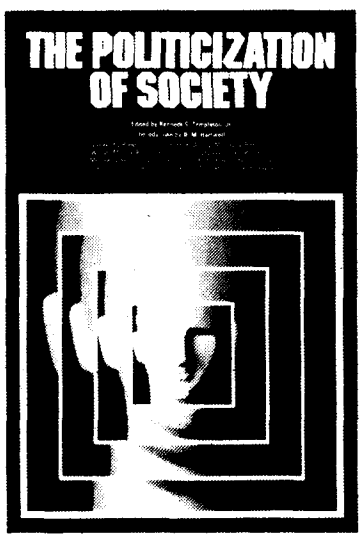
A good deal of *Giving Good Weight* is devoted to proving that except for our little eccentricities (such as an obsession with pinball), we are all really the same. Farmers really like New York City, blacks in Harlem are really nice guys, just like you and me, except perhaps a little less stingy.

Levels of the Game—a blow-by-blow account of the championship tennis match between Arthur Ashe, who grew up black, poor, and Southern, and Clark Graebner, a middle-class dentist's son from Cleveland—seemed more hopeful in this respect. Not only would McPhee give us their personal histories, the shaping influences on their lives, but the drama as these were revealed in their play (Ashe had remarked that Graebner's middle-class background determined the kind of game he plays). We wait expectantly for this to materialize, but it never does.

Reviewers speak of the triviality of McPhee's subject matter (oranges, canoes, blimps, tennis games) as if it conferred on him some special virtue. It doesn't. Neither is inconsequential subject matter an excuse for inconsequential writing. To put the matter in perspective, one need only look as far as Joan Didion's essay "Many Mansions" in *The White Album*, describing California's new residence for the governor, built during the Reagan years but as yet untenanted. In depicting its style and furnishings, she gives a brilliant dissection of class and its particular Californian manifestations. Certainly a house is a small enough subject for McPhee, and it's not too "sexy," but one cannot imagine him writing anything so penetrating and perceptive.

McPhee's writing is a great leveling machine. It crunches its way through experience—through a world that, after all, must bear some re-

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

"The state has increasingly replaced the church in determining how we should behave," writes Oxford professor R. M. Hartwell in his introduction. "Politics is now religion." Fourteen scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. They are Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. A31
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

semblance to the one you and I live in (the one in which not everybody is nice)—chews it up, digests it, and it all comes out innocuous and remarkable in its sameness. Though reviewers have commended McPhee's ear for dialogue, in truth it all sounds like McPhee, whether it's blacks in Harlem buying vegetables or conservationists canoeing in Alaska. His meticulous descriptions of people always fail to characterize. They will "walk and talk" with anybody because they all walk and talk the same.

McPhee's writing slips by like a skillfully paddled canoe on a placid lake—silently, hardly causing a ripple on the water's surface. It moves on out of sight and vanishes as easily from the mind. There is nothing memorable in his work, but neither is there anything troubling or disturbing, and this must explain his popularity. He makes no claim on the reader, asks nothing of his intelligence, and in no way affects his feelings. Finish the book or don't. Read it backward, forward, or upside down, it makes no difference. It is simply a way of filling empty time with empty words. □

CORRESPONDENCE

Carter's Hostages

I thank you, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., for showing me the way to go home in your January editorial, "America Last"....I have tramped through America and many foreign parts embarrassed by my President and government—who believe America should walk humbly in the world, ashamed of our great wealth, power, and imagination—and I found few friends.

I have read the *Spectator* for over a year, each month growing more satisfied with its expression of a neoconservative philosophy. But it required your summary of the idiocies of our current leaders in "America Last" to convince me that I had finally found my compatriots in your band of rebels. I have a good friend among the Tehran hostages. I have seen the misery visited on him and on his family by the Persians and by my President. After only a few years living and working in Iran, I cannot understand why my President's more experienced advisors have not told him that Persians regard his decency as a character flaw and fair play as weakness; that a 13th-century mullah cannot be treated as a 20th-century liberal; that Persians will ignore any power that is not violent, overwhelming, and absolute; and that if my President would free the hostages soon he had better act more like the Shah.

"America Last" has shown me why today [Jan. 20] is the 78th day of captivity for my friend—he is less a prisoner of the Persians than of a President and government who have ceased to believe in America.

Name Withheld
State Department
Washington, D.C.

Put Up or Shut Up

The editorial, "America Last" (January 1980), by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., is an example of the kind of journalism I have come to expect since reading *The American Spectator* for the past year. The tactic of using derogatory remarks to make a point is something I am not used to seeing in the other publications I read.

Regardless of what one thinks of certain people, is it cricket to say of Khomeini that he is a "dyspeptic Holy Man," or to speak of his "ancient ruin of a brain," or to refer to the "buzz between his ears"? Likewise, you referred to Ramsey Clark, Richard Falk, and Don Luce as "these three meatheads." Such tactics are the product of an immature mind. It is writing of this kind which is sometimes found in high-school newspapers when the staff is not closely supervised.

After you have thoroughly squelched those responsible for our foreign policy with such sophisticated jargon as "idiot," "one has to be an idiot and a drunk," and "Wonderboy," you finally treat your readers to your profound and learned conclusion: "Our government must cease rendering itself contemptible to the world and must respond decisively and punitively to those who violate our rights." Then, to emphasize your inane rhetoric, you offer not one thing "Wonderboy" could do to respond decisively and punitively.

I suggest, Tyrrell, that you either put up or shut up.

Herbert E. Steingass
Chesterland, Ohio

The Young Mencken

Tyrrell—You are indeed another Mencken—when he was 17 years old.

Robert McCall
San Francisco, California

Free Yuriy Shukhevych

The life of Yuriy Shukhevych, son of the leader of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and head of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, is in grave danger.

Born in 1933, Yuriy Shukhevych has experienced persecution at the hands of Soviet authorities for almost his entire life. In 1944, his mother was sent to a Siberian camp. In 1948, at age 15, he was arrested and subsequently imprisoned for the "crime" of being the son of a famous Ukrainian nationalist. In 1950, his father died while in the custody of the Soviet secret police.

In 1958, on the eve of his release from prison, Shukhevych was visited by KGB officials who demanded that he renounce his father and publicly condemn the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists. He repeatedly refused this demand and was sentenced to a ten-year prison term for "anti-Soviet agitation among inmates."

In 1968, Shukhevych was set free but was denied the right to live in the Ukraine. In 1970, he signed a joint statement in defense of persecuted Ukrainian historian Valentyn Moroz. In 1972, he was sentenced to a ten-year term of confinement in a concentration camp.

Today, Yuriy Shukhevych continues to languish in a concentration camp. He suffers from an intestinal ulcer and is denied medical attention.

It is important that citizens of all persuasions protest this gross violation of human rights by the Soviet Union. Please write to President Carter and urge him to intercede with Soviet authorities for the release of Yuriy Shukhevych.

Mark Weber
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

CAPITOL IDEAS
(continued from page 6)

tente was that Americans were encouraged to believe that they were no longer confronted by an external threat, or enemy. This is of course a comforting thing to believe. Unfortunately, the whole concept of nation probably depends on an externally directed mistrust. When the external enemies disappear, they "reappear" internally: In the U.S. they reappeared in the form of "Watergate," Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, Richard Helms, and others. Those antagonistic to the idea of nationalism—many of them bravely wielding pens inside editorial offices and almost daily quoting Dr. Johnson to the effect that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel—therefore welcomed detente, rushed to embrace the Soviets, and soon enough found themselves denouncing a variety of "injustices" in America.

I seem to have strayed rather far from the Lefever/Godson volume, but not really, because it is, in part, a report on this dismal period. Godson has useful chapters on Congress and the so-called "pressure groups," the latter chapters including much interesting information on the Institute for Policy Studies, the Center for National Security Studies, and other such outfits, primarily anti-American in nature, staffed for the most part by Soviet apologists and unavowed Marxists who find that in their personal lives they prefer the comforts of Washington to the potential rigors of Gorky.

In a study of television evening news, Lefever reports that in the period 1974 to 1977 "slightly less than 5 percent of the intelligence news on network TV was devoted to Soviet-bloc agencies, while slightly more than 95 percent was focused on the CIA. The result was a distorted view. The CIA appeared to be operating in a political and moral vacuum devoid of threats and adversaries. It was a villainous Don Quixote tilting at vaporous windmills." That's it. With detente, there *is* no adversary. The enemy is us, in the banal and oft-repeated judgment of a cartoon character whose name escapes me.

Well, that is over now, thanks to some rather incautious moves by the Soviets, who can be expected to move into a dynamic phase in the 1980s. With detente behind us, and our old enemy back, America should reunite. All to the good, of course, but it is rather depressing to consider that the gullible peanut farmer from Georgia should be the fortuitous beneficiary of this tidal change. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

United Nation's General Assembly

For the moral and ethical stimulation of our readers we hereby publish excerpts from the historic October 12, 1978, pronunciamento of Grenada's Prime Minister Eric M. Gairy (whereabouts unknown). The thing is a luscious prose feast, and in it the Rt. Hon. Gairy proceeds several steps beyond anything the late Justice William O. Douglas ever prescribed:

And now, having presented our contribution on the subject of human rights, permit me to cross a new threshold and to dwell upon a subject somewhat innovative but at the same time not entirely unrelated to human rights. The subject is "The rights of life on earth other than human life". Let us bring into focus for a moment some of God's other creations—the animals of the forest, the pets at home, the mammals, the birds, the fishes, the reptiles, the huge forest trees soaring high in splendour and elegance and the sheltering shrubs, the carnivorous and numerous other sensitive plants, the flowers and the multifarious varieties of other plant and animal life.

I wish to state here and now with unchallengeable authenticity that every creature, animal or plant, has a purpose to serve on this planet earth and is serving that purpose, except when obstructed by their several enemies—man being the greatest....

I appeal to all Governments and peoples to try to recognize the divine nature and beauty in all that God has created and placed on our planet and to take the necessary measures to care for, protect and preserve the lives of those creatures. They in turn would then love our human kind, and the Master would bless us and give us peace abundantly.

I should like now to deal with another subject of great importance, the International Year of the Child....

When I spoke before this body last year I made the following statement:

> "Grenada takes no categoric theoretical stand on the question of unidentified flying objects. Theories as to the nature, origin, and intent of unidentified flying objects are many, and are amply known to civilian and governmental research groups. Irrespective of theory, however, the major research groups are dedicated foremost to achieving the following main objectives in their endeavors: to study all significant reports on unidentified flying objects with a view to making a reasonable and acceptable determination of the nature, origin and intent...; to disseminate the substantive results of such study to the public and the news media; to work co-operatively with, or within the framework of, the United Nations to help establish a communications system through which important data can be rapidly exchanged internationally." *(A/32/PV.25, pp. 18, 19-25)*

I wish to say that I have received the strongest support from individuals and organizations as well as from distinguished "ufologists" the world over in our efforts to get the United Nations more actively involved in co-ordinating research on the UFO phenomenon.

Indeed, it was with great pleasure that I met some of the undoubtedly most prominent of these scientists earlier this year, and together with them I met the Secretary-General of the United Nations to discuss how best we might make our presentation to the General Assembly in our continued efforts to persuade the United Nations to take positive steps in the matter of UFO research.

General Assembly
Provisional Verbatim Record
of the 32nd Meeting
[*October 12, 1978*]

The Nation

From Fred Powledge, a free-lance writer who has published seven!!! books—the most recent from the Vanguard Press!!!—comes this tale of Victorian pleasures and high adventure, complete with involuntary shudders:

I took my daughter's bright yellow hair dryer apart carefully, laying all the parts out in order. There was a possibility I wouldn't find what I was looking for, and I might have to put it back together right away. The bright red one that my wife uses had been O.K. But when I got my first glimpse of the entrails of Polly's dryer, a Conair Pistol Power 1200, model 0991, I shuddered involuntarily, the way I have reacted upon seeing a rattlesnake in the woods. Inside the bright yellow plastic machine, the one I had bought my daughter less than a year ago, was a short, thin-walled cylinder of asbestos, a poison far more terrifying than rattlesnake venom.

[*January 5-12, 1980*]

The Berkeley Barb

New frontiers in sociological analysis as reported to the intelligentsia what read the *Berkeley Barb* and live to tell of it:

Females have reportedly replaced males as the sex most likely to scribble their thoughts on bathroom walls.

Two former University of Massachusetts researchers, John Bates and Michael Martin, report that they equipped a team of student volunteers with index cards and sent them on a survey of the walls of campus restrooms, the walls of campus restrooms [sic], gymnasiums and other buildings.

Their toilet tally revealed the unexpected conclusion that women accounted for 51 percent of the graffiti and 62 percent of the written commentaries on the graffiti of others.

Bates and Martin say this indicates quite a switch in roles. Twenty-six years ago, sex researcher Alfred Kinsey found that women accounted for only a quarter of all bathroom graffiti.

The women graffitists, Bates and Martin report, expressed more concern than men about sexual conflicts, interpersonal relations and politics.

[*September 15, 1979*]

The Minneapolis Star

A sockdolager of an idea from a public-spirited citizen of the Twin Cities metropolis, a patriot worthy of being the Wonderboy's running mate or possibly even his first Supreme Court nominee. These are incomparable times:

To the Editor: The starving Cambodian refugees have really gotten to me. An article in The New Yorker made a point that sticks in my mind: Among the countless things these poor people don't have are cooking pots, and since their staple and often only food is rice, which must be cooked to be eaten, the lack of pots creates as much hunger as the lack of food.

In a 1975 issue of Consumer Reports a study showed that three cereals are quite high in nutritional value and were able to keep laboratory animals alive and in good health for weeks, eating nothing else. One of these cereals is Cheerios, made by our very own Minnesota-based General Mills.

Cheerios can be eaten directly from the box. They are lightweight and fairly nonperishable.

Is there some way to send Cheerios to Cambodia? Would the Cambodians like them? (I should think so. They've been eating tree bark.) With some donating of time, money, and, of course, Cheerios, could we load up a (donated) 747 with Cheerios to feed those poor starving kids and their pathetic parents?

And while we're at it, let's round up our old cooking pots and send them along, too. —Toni Lee Rosen
Golden Valley

[*November 27, 1979*]

America

Cerebrations in the confessional mode from Clare Buzzo Robert, another strangely unaccoladed Catholic egghead of the liberated-feminist-mystery:

Several years down the road, when the paths of my feminist pilgrimage and my theological journey merged, I found that the Gospel passages in which Jesus seemingly rejects Mary and her biological role became very important for me. They were a negative affirmation in that they affirmed what I did not want to be or be like. And, as far as Mary the Virgin Mother symbol was concerned, while I appreciated the mere existence of an important female image in Roman Catholocism, I thought Mary was too asexual, derivative and passive to touch or to inspire feminist women....

This year, however, just as I thought I had the whole thing settled, the Virgin Mary has come back to haunt me, thanks to my involvement in a study with a group of Spanish Roman Catholic women.... we prefer to identify with the "good guys" in the Gospel narratives, those who listened, understood, risked, changed. Yet which of us hasn't pondered, if only briefly, the possibility that Jesus really was insane?

[*December 22, 1979*]

The New York Times

A foolproof solution to our latest sticky-wicket with the Soviet brethren from the renowned Richard J. Walton, sworn enemy of the Cold War:

Here we go again. Even before the Soviet march into Afghanistan, American politicians were beginning to run against the Russians. Now the drumbeat has increased with tough talk of retaliation, rapid deployment forces, blockading the Persian Gulf, selling arms to Pakistan, rejecting the SALT II treaty, even boycotting the Moscow Olympics—in short, not letting anyone, especially the Russians, push us around anymore. The cold war, about to expire of old age, is rejuvenated.

Again the pundits and politicians are trotting out the vocabulary that should have been forever discredited by the Vietnam War. The ugly Russian entrance into poor, unoffending Afghanistan is being called the renewal of a great East-West struggle. Already we're hearing that American will is being tested.

Politicians of both parties will be talking tough and they'll be proposing raises in the military budget like the boys at the Friday night poker club trying to outbluff one another.

This then might not be the popular moment to argue that we must try to reduce tensions with the Soviet Union. Yet it is essential we [sic] that we do so.

[*January 10, 1980*]

The Great Books Series

The sublime Dr. Prof. Henry Steele Commager, lifted solemn and stoned midst a testimonial to Senator Edward M. Kennedy, statesman and *bon vivant*:

The whole of his senatorial career might rightly be read as an extensive commentary on the preamble of our Constitution, for it has been devoted to realizing a more perfect union, justice, domestic tranquility, the common defense, the general welfare and liberty.

Our Day and Generation
Edward M. Kennedy
[Simon & Schuster, 1979]

Book Digest

Andy Warhol, the Giovanni Bernini of middle Manhattan, vouchsafes cultural observations of capital import in the complicated syntax for which he is so widely renowned:

There have been so many great parties at Studio 54....The first really glamorous one was Halston's birthday party for Bianca Jagger. Only a hundred people were invited, and the highlight of the party came when a naked black boy led a naked black girl on a white pony out from behind a curtain of gold streamers. They were covered in gold dust.

Halston gave Elizabeth Taylor a great birthday party there too. The Rockettes wheeled out an enormous birthday cake baked in the shape of Elizabeth. She blew out the candles....

[*February 1980*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

HELP WANTED

BONEHEADS NEED NOT APPLY
The American Spectator is looking for an assistant managing editor to help with proofreading, Current Wisdom, editorial research, and odd jobs. How odd depends on circumstances. Impeccable spelling, literacy, diligence, and sense of humor required. Knowledge of public policy expected. Send your resumé or write for an application. Personnel Dept., The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

Production Manager to typeset, layout, paste-up, and proofread The American Spectator. Excellent English and spelling necessary. Type 60 wpm with accuracy. Knowledge of Compugraphic Jr., Kenro camera, and graphics helpful. Send your resumé or write for an application. Personnel Dept., Dept. PM, The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

HAWAII: How to get a job! Rush $10 for book AND "Help Wanted" section of newspaper—to: Koki, Box 27984, Honolulu 96827.

DRAFT PAT MOYNIHAN
PRESIDENT '80
Let's put our energy behind someone who believes in America. Movement starting. Buttons available. Send at least $1 to: Karen Roekard, 145 West 86th Street, New York, NY 10024.

Changing Your Address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space below. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator.* When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

IMPORTANT: Allow six weeks for address change.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, Indiana 47402

(Please attach address label here.)

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$12).
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

(please print)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Date of change.....

X91

BOOKS

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS.
3,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton, 98-74 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK!
Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASN, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

PERIODICALS

So you have a healthy interest in literature and politics. Are you also broadening your knowledge of health and longevity? You can do so by subscribing to the iconoclast of health journals. Money-back guarantee. 8 issues $7.00. Sample copy $1.00. *Nutrition Health Review,* 143-S Madison Avenue, New York City 10016.

The WRIT—A quarterly about law. Not academic or practice-oriented. Full of ideas, wit, and provocative essays about law. For lawyers and non-lawyers alike. $6.00/year. The WRIT, 640 14th Place, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY
provides an international forum for the exploration of responsible, articulate alternatives to the positivist-analytical, Marxist, and narrowly academicist trends of contemporary philosophy. Subscriptions—$12.00 (Students, $8.50): Cobenzlgasse 13/4, A-1190S Vienna, Austria.

MAGAZINE SAMPLES! For a free list of over 135 magazines offering a sample copy send a stamped, addressed envelope to Publishers Exchange, P.O. Box 1368, Dept. 129A, Plainfield, New Jersey 07061.

LE MERCENAIRE! Monthly newsletter for professionals. Hard intelligence on terrorism, Communist subversion, mercenary activities. Sample $1.00, or $9.00 per year. $12.00 overseas. 540 Charles St., Dept. A, Aurora, IL 60506.

Anti-New Think, anti-Vatican II letters. Send $1 for three sample copies. W.F. Strojie, 41695 Clark-Smith Dr., Lebanon, OR 97355.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in the abortion issue? Then you should get a FREE copy of *The Human Life Review,* a new quarterly journal that provides the best anti-abortion arguments available anywhere. Write today for FREE sample copy to: *The Human Life Review,* 150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016.

PERSONALS

Sunlight on the water can inspire even a lawless beast to dance. Estonian Admiration Society. No checks. Box SG, The American Spectator.

I am a decent-looking conservative, Catholic, male in twenties. Would like to correspond with like-minded attractive woman. Lurid or liberal past no problem if you've seen the light. Robert, c/o The American Spectator.

MERCHANDISE

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25 cents. Box GL, The American Spectator.

MERCHANDISE

GOLD BULLION AND COINS for sale. No sales tax. Cheshire National Bank, 15 Main Street, Keene, NH 03431, (603) 352-5050. (Member FDIC)

Flags—3'x5' cotton American Flag Set—$9.95 + $1.00 shipping ($6.50 for flag without pole). We have all American, foreign, state, Confederate, and Early American flags. All sizes and materials available. Write today for our price list. Island Flag Co., 166-11 20th Ave., Whitestone, NY 11357.

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. Free color brochure. Marchele Co., Dept. AM, 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, NY 10040.

Join CHICKEN LITTLE CLUB. Help counter extremism. Only $15 (recoverable). Write Dept. B, Box 174, Cardiff, CA 92007.

BLANK CARDBOARD RECORD replacement jackets, $.35. Plastic-lined inside sleeves, $.15. Opera boxes, vinyl protectors, 78 RPM sleeves, etc. Postage $1.25. CABCO, AS 78, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

Medical ID information. Box 416, Littleton, Colorado 80120.

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR*
Are you missing some back issues of *The American Spectator*? Are there some personal favorites you would like extra copies of, for you or for a friend? *The American Spectator* has available many of the past issues you are looking for. They offer essays and reviews on topics too numerous to mention in this small space, and feature many of your favorite writers. Price? Magazines from volume 8 are $2.00 each, from volumes 9-12 $1.00 each, and our Tenth Anniversary issue is only $1.50 each. To order, simply list the dates of the back issues desired (along with the quantities of each), and send it with your payment to: Back Issues, *The American Spectator,* P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402.

MISCELLANEOUS

Reduce income tax interest up to 50%. Information $3.00. APWP, Box 28594, Sacramento, CA 95828.

PROFIT through investment. Pay yourself first and invest in your future. ELR Company, POB 1063, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223.

WIN UP TO $10,000,000!
Completely new, unique opportunity. Send $2 for details. ABC, Box 1507/TR3, Kingston, Canada K7L 5C7.

FEDERAL OIL LEASES
Learn how you as an individual can compete with the oil companies in obtaining $1 a year per acre drilling rights. Send $3 to OIL LOTTERY, Box MW, The American Spectator.

Problems? Try herbs! Free catalog! 603(A) North 2nd, Philadelphia, PA 19123; (215) 925-3336 anytime.

Beat car salesmen at their own game. Learn tricks of the trade from ex-salesman. $3.00 postpaid. Rip Stop, P.O. Box 53, Spanish Fork, Utah 84660.

Most professional do-gooders never did a real day's work in our lives but we soon will. Send SASE to: Even Age Work Force Plan, Box 2138, Youngstown, Ohio 44504.

FREIGHTER TRAVELERS
and those who would like to be
Join us and receive our Monthly Newsletter full of stories and information about this fascinating way of travel.
$10 per year - Freighter Travel Club
P O Box 12693, Salem, OR 97309

LUCKY AMULETS AMAZING
For Wealth, Love and Health
Can also prepare them for any other purpose—remove hexes, etc.
$10.00 each—Immediate delivery
GEMINIO, P.O. Box 2006
Glendale, Calif. 91209

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

You can reach 50,000 informed and interested readers in the classified section of *The American Spectator.* Our rates are only $.50 per word (12-word minimum). Include an additional $3.00 if you want a box number, and we will forward all inquiries to you once a week. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify ad classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Books, Periodicals, Literary, Conferences, Personals, Travel, Bumperstickers & Buttons, Merchandise, Wanted, Miscellaneous.

Yes, I'd like to place a classified ad in *The American Spectator.* Enclosed is full payment.

..... (# of words) x $.50 x ..... (# of issues ad is to appear) = $.....
(Check enclosed)
Ad classification: ..... Payment must accompany order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My ad reads:

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

Please write additional ads on a separate sheet.

The American Spectator, Classified Dept., P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I sincerely hope that one of the successes of the women's movement will be to rid society of pestilences such as R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr."

—*Susanna Smith*

Recently, Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* published an article on women's liberation by *The American Spectator*'s editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. The reaction was so amusing that several of our Denver readers wrote us about the letters to the editor, the picketing of the *News*, and the follow-up story.

Why, we thought, should our Denver readers have all the fun? After all, they already get to enjoy the mountain air, the beautiful scenery, and Coors beer at the source.

So as a public service to our non-Denver readers, we offer excerpts of the published letters to the *Rocky Mountain News* chastising our gentle editor.

•

"I am both sad and angry that the *News* would print 'Women of the Fevered Brow' by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. . . . blatant and ugly sexism. . . ."

Megan B. McClard
Asst. Prof. of Women's Studies
Metropolitan State College

"Think Emmett . . . because it would be unlikely for you to feel."

Martha M. Urioste, Ph.D.
Min King, Educator

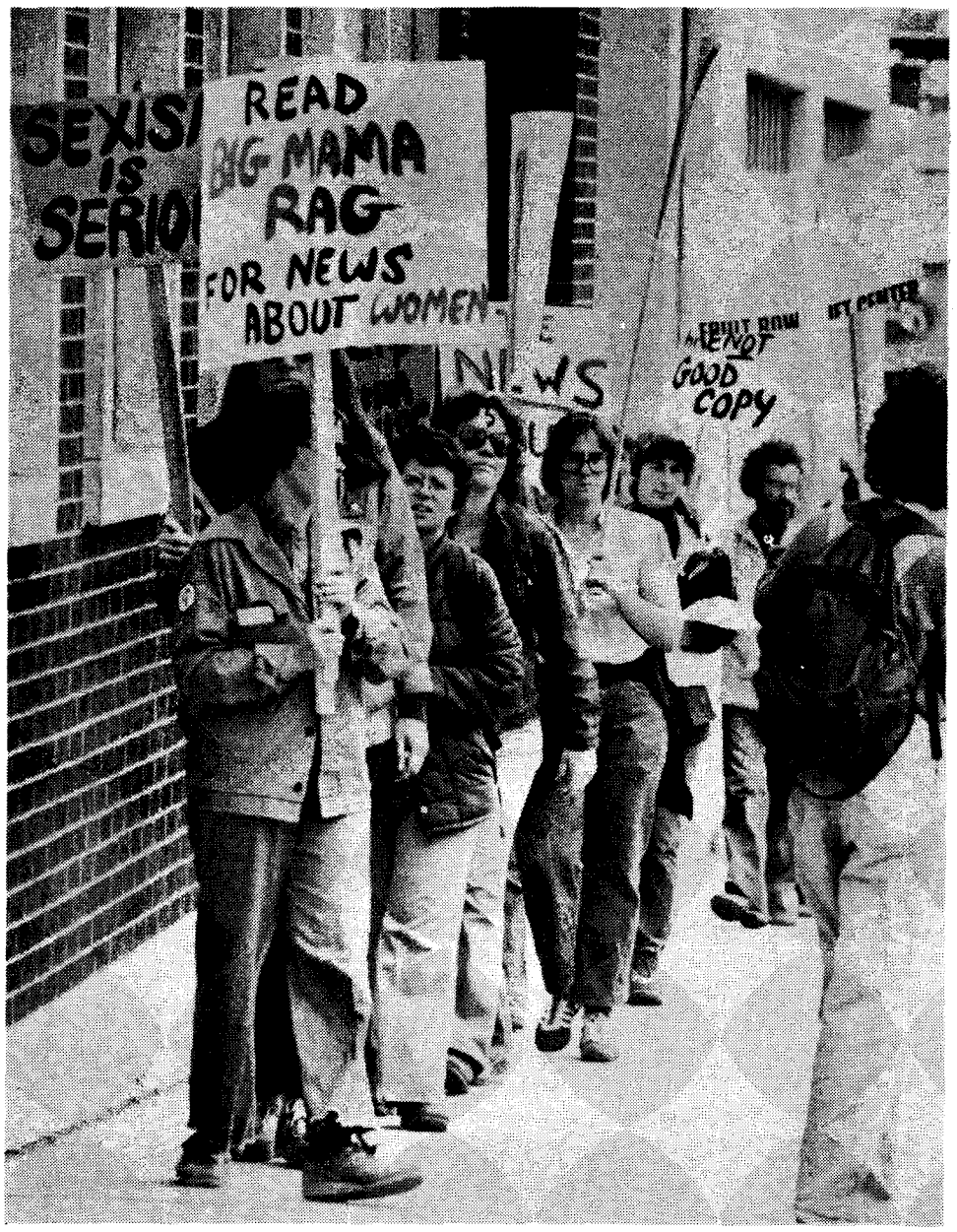
". . . a name-calling smear of the women's movement and its dedicated leaders. . . . Does not a newspaper have the obligation to point out to its readers that an article is unfactual and, in fact, badly written and offensive? I believe in freedom of the press, but was taught that it implied responsibility—a responsibility to inform readers accurately."

Marcia Morrison Willcoxon

"May I suggest that he 'liberate' himself from such an artificial restriction of his personhood?"

Carrie Richerson

•



TYRRELL'S CONTENTED CUSTOMERS

Such thoughtful comments suggest that *The American Spectator* is unlikely to become required reading for the sensitive and idealistic of the Republic.

After all, *The American Spectator*'s editor revels in treating venerable world leaders and trendy "movements" with puckish irreverence.

So if you are an aspiring intellectualoid, *The American Spectator* is poison. Stick with *Ms.* or *Ontology Today.* But if you hold to *complicated* views of the world that bustles beyond your nose, if you delight in forming your own opinions, and if you want to know what some of the best writers in America are saying to discomfit some of the most preposterous lightweights, read *The American Spectator.*

Subscribe to *The American Spectator* today, and get in touch with *your* personhood.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

102 West Sixth Street, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter my own ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription for
☐ 1 year (twelve issues) at $12
☐ 2 years at $22 ☐ 3 years at $30

Please send ..... one-year subscriptions ($12 per gift)

Total enclosed: $.....

Please print additional names and addresses on a separate sheet.

PLEASE PRINT

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift for: _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read from "_____"

X91

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED